

THE ROUND TABLE

A WEEKLY RECORD OF
THE NOTABLE, THE USEFUL AND THE TASTEFUL.

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ENGLAND AND EUROPE.

IT is announced in the *Court Journal* that whenever Providence shall call the young Prince of Wales to mount the throne, which for nearly thirty years has been so happily and honorably filled by his mother, he will take upon himself the royal style and title by the name of EDWARD VII. Had this decision not been long since made, as it is said at the suggestion of his father, who had learned by a painful personal experience how ungratefully to English ears would sound the German name of Albert in the long list of modern British kings, it might have been forced upon the prince and the royal advisers by the actual aspect of England's relations with the Continent of Europe. The days are gone by in which the German family alliances of the House of Hanover could control the policy of Great Britain to the benefit of Germany, or mould the policy of the German states to suit the interests and the passions of England.

A century ago English statesmen played their game of politics with German dice for stakes of English gold. The game had its changeful fortunes, as all games have, but in the long run England's states came back to her tenfold in the control alike of the politics of Europe and of the commerce of the world. As Michelet has well expressed it, under the earlier kings of the House of Hanover, "France, wrecked, shattered, and sinking, rolled heavily in the trough of the sea, behind the stately British ship, which bore proudly onward, drawing in her wake, not only all Protestant Europe, but Catholic Europe as well, Spain and the Emperor courting her for the spoils of Italy."

Victorious in America, victorious in India, mistress of the ocean, from which, under Louis XIV., the splendid fleets and the still more formidable corsairs of France had almost driven her flag, the England of George I. and George II. rose to a moral and material predominance in the affairs of the world, which was shaken but not overthrown by the terrible and humiliating disasters of the American war, only to be re-established again by her obstinate, glorious, and successful resistance to the seeming omnipotence of the first Napoleonic empire. This predominance appears to be confirmed to her by the part which she took in the pacification of Europe after Waterloo. English gold had for years subsidized the armies of the Continent in their struggles against the great Corsican conqueror. English armies had worn down the giant's force in his fatal effort to grasp and crush at once the farthest East and farthest West, to bring St. Petersburg and Lisbon together to his feet at Paris. English navies had inclosed the master of Europe within a circle of fire. An English general and English soldiers held the gateway of the Continent at last triumphantly against him all that long summer's day before the forest of Soignies. An English prince, mistaken by the fallen emperor for an English gentleman, became the jailer of him who had been so long the terror of the world. The position of England in 1815 was one well calculated to swell the British heart and to daze the British brain.

But the Congress of Vienna had not ripened into the Conference of Laybach before it began to be apparent that the primacy of Europe had been really won with British gold and British blood, not for England herself, but for a very

different power. The "Holy Alliance" sounded the knell of British supremacy on the Continent almost before the echoes of the cannon of Wellington had died away among the Pyrenees. Russia, gigantic, armed to the teeth, unscrupulous, visionary, uniting with the boundless ambitions of the semi-barbarous East the boundless resources of the civilized West, rapidly assumed to herself the decision of all purely European questions, starred the uniforms of all the kings and princes of the Continent with her orders, sent the lilies of the Bourbons into Spain, set a Bavarian prince upon the throne of revolutionized Greece, licensed Austria to laugh English interests and English instincts alike to scorn in Italy, dealt with Poland and with Turkey after her own good will and pleasure, and for nearly forty years, adroitly alternating the astuteness of diplomacy with the arrogance of force, so domineered over Europe as fully to verify the prediction of the first Napoleon.

With the Revolution of 1848 the crisis of that prediction came. France, which had been recruiting her energies without reasserting her prestige under Louis Philippe, rose to her feet again in 1850 under the heir of Napoleon, and in 1854 Russia challenged Europe to make her election between the compression of the Cossack and the expansion of that republic in which Napoleonic imperialism is but one term of progress and development. The necessity of the election was imperative, as imperative upon England as upon France; but the English statesmen who were called to make it dimly felt, if they did not clearly understand, that in deciding it in the only way in which it could be decided they were inevitably subscribing to the primacy of France in Europe and signing over to Napoleon all they signed away from Nicholas.

The real issue debated in those long months before Sebastopol was no question of the "Holy Places," nor even of the unholy Turks. The settlement of Europe was there at stake—the destinies of Italy and of Germany were there fought out in the roar of the Allied and the Russian artillery. The Cossack was defeated, the Republic triumphed, and Napoleon III. came out from the Congress of Paris the representative arbiter of European progress. The Italian war of 1859 at once revealed and confirmed this result of the Congress of Paris.

Had English statesmen been willing to comprehend this result and to accept it—had they recognized the impotence of dynastic ties and of a traditional diplomacy to maintain Great Britain in her old position of independent and abnormal preponderance—England, acting frankly with France in questions upon which the spirit of the age compels England to feel with France whether she will or no, might long have been spared the humiliation which has now finally overtaken her. They had their sufficient warning in the settlement of the war of 1859, and the annexation of Savoy with Nice to the French Empire. But against this sufficient warning they chose obstinately to shut their eyes.

Again, not six month ago, the Emperor of the French held out to his morbid and uncomfortable ally the chance of retrieving her mistake and covering her false position, in his proposition for a congress of Europe, in which England, sitting as a great European power, might throw the weight of her ancient prestige as well as of her actual importance into the argumentative decision of the questions which vex the present and perplex the future of Central Europe. This chance also the embittered and narrow-minded advisers of Victoria chose to spurn from them. And now, in the year of grace 1864, within a brief twelvemonth of the day on which half a century ago Louis XVIII. rode back into Paris *en croupe* on the charger of the Iron Duke, Germany flings contemptuously into the face of England her remonstrances and her threats, marches her armies, as it were, across the trampled flag of England against the father of the Princess of Wales, and halts only when the voice of Napoleon is heard supporting England's loud and lamentable call for just such a congress as six months ago she disdainfully refused to give! From such a moral and political abdication there can be no immediate and adequate appeal.

England is still a great and powerful state; but she has herself signed away her last pretensions to fill the part which

she has played in Europe within the memory of still living men. Congresses may be held, and she will take her seat at the board, but the Power which has superfluously proved to the world that her sword is not as quick as her word, must prepare herself to find that the world will by no means esteem her word as good as a sword.

DARE CONGRESS TAX?

IT has ceased to be a question whether Congress ought to largely increase our taxation. The borrowing system of Secretary Chase has no longer the confidence of the country. Thoughtful men tremble as they look down the precipice of financial depreciation on which we are verging; and, in spite of our traditional antipathy to taxes, the country demands taxation as the only refuge from the impending danger. The press is almost unanimous in favor of a large increase of the taxes. The peril to the national credit is so imminent that even the most ultra partisan journals no longer dare to treat fiscal questions as mere political issues; but, irrespective of party opposition on the one hand, or of past laudation of Mr. Chase's schemes on the other, the press now uniformly dissents from the system on which it is proposed to conduct the national finances during the current and next fiscal years. Even Mr. Chase himself, first in his last report and afterward more explicitly in his letter on volunteer bounties, has very strongly enunciated the principle that a large proportion of the current expenditures ought to be provided for by taxation; but unfortunately his proposals wholly contradict, in this respect, his theory. Yet, in spite of this unanimity of public opinion in favor of taxation, the utmost aim of Congress is, by tinkering the old tax law, to make it raise the one hundred and fifty millions contemplated at the period of its enactment, when the debt was about one thousand millions less than at present. The additional duty on whisky, and the changes in the taxes on cotton and tobacco, involving an export duty in violation of the Constitution, are merely expedients for this purpose; and it may be very reasonably doubted whether they will suffice to augment the internal revenue to that limited amount.

How is it that Congress is thus reluctant to come up to the requirements of public opinion? Why do our legislators refuse to grant taxes to a people not only willing but anxious to be taxed? The answer is to be found in those secret party motives that in these times of national peril so largely control their action. The explanation is in the fact that each party is shortly to ask the suffrages of the people in behalf of a presidential candidate, and neither dares to bring forward a measure that could be used by the other for the purpose of exciting prejudice against the faction and its nominee. The Secretary of the Treasury himself is quite likely to appear as a candidate, and his friends desire not to give his opponents the opportunity of urging against his claims an argument that might commend itself to the unpatriotic selfishness of a certain class of voters. On the other side, democratic congressmen wait for the party in power to furnish them with that, as they conceive, damaging argument; and, not feeling themselves called on to provide the means for a war with which many of them have no sympathy, they refuse to take the initiative in what they imagine would prove an unpopular measure. Thus, in the eagerness to secure the presidential election, the supreme questions of finance are trifled with, and the credit of the Government is sacrificed for the interests of a political candidate.

This is unquestionably the sole obstacle to our having a system of finance adequate to provide for the government expenditures, to sustain the public credit, to save us from ultimate repudiation, and to protect commerce from that paralysis of distrust that is now seizing on every department of the mercantile public. It is the very worst feature of the public situation that the helm of affairs is intrusted to men who can thus sacrifice the character, the power, and the financial interests of the Republic to mere partisan ambition. What reason is there for hoping for an honest or safe conduct of public affairs from men who can thus show themselves capable of risking the national credit in a game

of President-making? It would be some relief to be able to believe that a more wholesome fiscal policy will be adopted after the President is chosen. But is there not every reason for expecting that the same political fear of taxation will control Congress after the election? After the presidential campaign will come a continual succession of congressional and state elections; and the desire to carry these may be expected to still maintain the indisposition in Congress to impose a heavy taxation. This congressional reluctance to tax, therefore, throws a dark shadow of mistrust over the financial prospects of the country. If the Government dares not tax, it has no right to ask the people to credit it. If during the pressure of the war it lacks courage to provide an adequate internal revenue, can the people have confidence that, for a long succession of years, it will raise revenue sufficient to pay the interest upon the debt or redeem the bonds and currency that are being issued in such reckless profusion? It is not to be supposed that the war will close with a debt of less than \$3,000,000,000. At an average rate of only five per cent., this would involve the payment of \$150,000,000 per annum in interest, to which an equal amount would be added by the civil and enlarged naval and military establishments, making a total yearly disbursement of \$300,000,000. Not more than \$70,000,000 could be relied on from customs; so that \$230,000,000 would have to be provided, during a long succession of years, by taxes, even without making any provision for the gradual redemption of the debt. If with the pressure of present exigencies Congress does not dare to ask for more than \$150,000,000 of internal revenue, how is this immense chronic expenditure to be provided for? The cowardice of our legislators naturally suggests these questions to the capitalists who are furnishing the means of prosecuting the war, and thereby tends to sap the credit of the Government, to depreciate its securities, and to create grave difficulties in raising future loans. The people unanimously dread the dishonor of repudiation; they desire to pay any amount of taxation that may be necessary to sustain the financial strength and honor of the nation; and if some day the Government of the United States should prove faithless toward its creditors, impartial history will assign as the cause the political cowardice and corruption of Congress. Dare Congress tax?

TIPPLING—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE pseudo-philosopher who said that man, being reasonable, must get drunk, deserved the fate of "Maudlin Clarence in his Malmseybutt" for perpetrating such an outrageous *non sequitur*. That man, being reasonable, does get drunk, is undeniable—but why? Because the animal part of him is sometimes too strong for his rationality. At what period of the world's history he began to drink something stronger than the aqueous fluid is a matter for conjecture. Probably he tipped before the Deluge. At any rate, it is Scripturally certain that one of the first industrial acts of Noah, after the flood, was to plant a vineyard. When the grapes were ripe, he made wine, and with that wine, poor misguided individual, he got drunk. From these facts, it may be fairly inferred that Noah was neither ignorant of the art of manufacturing wine nor of the pleasure to be derived from drinking it, when he embarked on his forty days' cruise. No doubt, vine cuttings were included in his cargo. He was a provident man, and, as he could not be sure of landing in a grape-growing region, the idea would naturally occur to him that it would be handy to have them in the ark. Grouping all the circumstances, the conclusion is inevitable that the antediluvians were in the habit of putting "an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." If so, their fate was the ultimate of a perfectly logical sequence—drunkenness, demoralization, destruction.

We must not be too hard on Noah. "Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink" for six weeks is a severe ordeal, and if he did dip a little too deeply into his first brewing—overestimating the strength of his own head, and underestimating the strength of the beverage—let us do as his pious sons Shem and Japheth did—cast over him the mantle of charity, and excuse, though we may not justify, the *lapsus* of the second father of our race. The learned Theodore says that Noah was the victim of inexperience; he having been a water-drinker for six hundred years before he tasted fermented liquor. Perhaps so. Who knows?

Sacred history abounds in allusions to wine, and as there are thirteen distinct Hebrew terms used in the Bible to distinguish vintages of different kinds, condition, and ages, it is evident that the "ancient people" were no less particular in the matter of "brands" than are the *gourmets* of the present day. The Greeks and Romans had some two hundred varieties, of which the Chian and the Falernian were the choicest; and the products of particular vineyards were as highly esteemed in Athens and Rome as the Cliquot champagne and the Metternich Johannisberger wines now are in London, Paris, and other European cities. The wines of antiquity were often villainously adulterated. The art of "doctoring" the juice of the grape is so far from being a modern invention that it dates back to the siege of Troy. Helen, the fair and frail, is said to have learned the trick in Egypt, and to have practiced it for the sake of increasing the exhilarating properties of the wine she gave to the defenders of the city after a hard battle with the Greeks.

The Persians, in the days of Xerxes, drugged their tipple with *nux vomica*, and the Roman wine merchants got up "old Falernian," "choice Teian," and the "finest vintages of Chios" in a most discreditable way. Even Cato simulated the Greek nectar with juice of gooseberry, just as some avaricious vintners counterfeit champagne with the same material in this our day and generation. The Roman "mixers" poisoned their wine with lead. They found that it stopped acetous fermentation and improved the taste of the beverage. The rascals cared nothing about its wholesomeness. It is astonishing how history repeats itself. Our adulterators, with the same object, do precisely the same thing. Galen denounced the practice more than two thousand years ago as emphatically as chemists and physicians do now, and with about the same effect.

But we Christian moderns have improved considerably upon the recipes of the Old World wine-poisoners. Chemicals that were unknown to them—strychnine among the number—are used in the make-up of many of our tavern wines. Rectified spirits, sloe-juice, logwood, sugar, cider, and a little common red wine are the main ingredients of our "old port." Poisonous tinctures give it the requisite tawny hue, and catechu produces the "crust." Madeira and sherry, "real as imported," are manufactured of what is called Cape Wine—the vile, earthy-tasted product of a detestable African grape—sugar candy, almonds, bogus port, rum, carbonate of soda, and a little acetate of lead. Scores of gallons of these precious mixtures are drunk daily at tavern bars in New York. The human stomach is fearfully and wonderfully made, otherwise it would not retain them; but habit is everything.

Distilled liquors are of comparatively modern origin. Brandy made its first appearance in England in the reign of Charles II. under the name of "Rosa Solis," and was thought to be the elixir vitae. Heaven help the stomachs, livers, and nervous systems of those who drink the "strong waters" of commerce in these days. "Cognac" and "Otard," without one redeeming particle of the spirit of the grape—horrid philters compounded of phlogistic elements that might blister the vitals of a salamander—are imbibed by the blinded million. It is the same with other liquors. Nominally, we have all the varieties, but actually they are chemical delusions. Charles Lamb stigmatizes ardent spirits as "wet damnation," but the alcoholic poisons of his day were mild and healthful as compared with the liquid fire that runs seething down the throats of modern toper. And yet tens of thousands of "perpendicular drinkers" swallow from half a dozen to thirty glasses of this active poison per diem. That they do not drop dead at the bars where they stand by the hour and decant it into their epigastrums, is a physiological marvel. They have not yet, however, drunk the dregs of the cup of abominations. A company has been formed in London for the benevolent purpose of evolving whisky from coal gas. This philanthropic association have, it is said, obtained a patent for the process, and, as America is the great mart for deleterious stimulants, we may expect ere long a consignment of the new coal cordial.

The safest and best of all exhilarants is good wine. But where shall we procure it? Already American wine-growers have begun to "doctor" the produce of their vineyards; and, unquestionably, much of the still and sparkling Catawba is more or less adulterated. There is but one safeguard against such frauds. Let families make their own wine. It is not necessary that its basis should be the grape. There is scarcely a palatable fruit from which pleasant wine may not be obtained. The current, raspberry, gooseberry, and strawberry yield each an excellent beverage; and the ginger, malt, and raisin wines are all delicious. There is no difficulty in the process of manufacture, and, as home-made wine, for home use, pays no tax, its cost is trifling as compared with that of the commercial article. In the name of Purity and Economy, let us have our own wines.

A SHORT WORD WITH THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

IT is not a matter of especial wonder when a traveler writes that he saw emblazoned, in huge letters, upon some of the old ruins of Greece, the advertising cards of quack medicines. As Americans we are pretty thoroughly educated to a point of resignation, and even indifference, when we find huge bulletins despoiling monuments of art and beauty, and even when they stare us in the face on rocks and hillsides during our summer tours of respite and recreation. Nor does it disturb the exquisite as it once did to be obliged to read a daily mixture of criminal news and the disgusting advertisements of the medicine venders. All this we are becoming inured to as a people. But there is one medium of publicity where we look for something higher, purer, better. There is one source of power whence we look to see only healthful streams departing. If the religious press of the country fails to stem the tide, how can we hope to see any effort at restraint in other quarters. If the Christian editors and publishers of the land are false to their high calling and duty, what shall prevent the lifting up of the flood-gates, and the outpouring of a deluge of filth and pollution?

The facts of the case are apparent to every pure-minded

man who reads the weekly religious press. Before us are recent issues of two leading religious journals, the *Independent* and the *Observer*. We find in each broad columns staring us in the face, full-freighted with the disgusting details of the properties of certain medicines. "Helmbold's Buchu," "Constitution Water," and "Cherokee Injections" are instances of the most revolting. And these are spread out through long columns, and sent forth under the name and with the sanction and influence of the religious press. They go into the best families of the land, to be read in the pure atmosphere of the family circle and about peaceful and wholesome Christian firesides. They carry disgust to the modest, and tend to aggravate and increase vice and crime.

We protest against these growing indecencies of our religious journalism. And in doing this it is but simple justice to say that all the weekly religious papers do not thus prostitute their columns. There are several worthy exceptions. But it is a matter of regret that any journals which have attained to a great circulation and influence should go forth from week to week, professedly the religious expounders of the hour, but practically mere money-making sheets, laden with purchased puffs and shameless advertisements. Perhaps if less attention was paid to financial successes and more to the possible good to be done in the way of a stronger and healthier Christian literature, they might find quite as many friends, and surely more nearly accomplish the supposed object of their existence.

This we say with a heart in sympathy with every effort that may tend to make men better, purer, happier. We say it not merely inspired by disgust at the presentation of such indecent advertisements at our own counter, making us doubly ashamed when assured that certain religious papers made no objection to their publication, but rather actuated by a desire to see these great mediums of power and influence working from a higher motive than mere money success, and looking to a grander end to be accomplished than the pleasing and tickling and puffing of men. Christianity can need no help bought with the profits of such indecency. The cause of humanity demands a literature which shall inspire a truer, purer life.

CRIME AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

THE prevalence of crime is an exhaustless theme for the press, and the discussion of causes and cures is interminable. Our great city is a most pregnant illustration of the terrible depravity of the times, and among the far-off or the ignorant we loom in all the proportions of a gigantic Sodom. Assuming that there is much ground for this unenviable fame, it becomes us seriously to search out the causes and apply the remedies proper to the case. The causes of crime are numerous, and most of them well defined. Passing over the natural depravity of human nature, we have intemperance, ignorance, and sloth, as prominent causes. These are understood the world over to be cardinal causes, and no argument is needed to establish the fact. We have further an immense influx of the worst elements of immigration; the almshouses and prisons of the Old World are emptied upon our shores, and the criminal whose acts have made his native land too hot for him naturally turns to this country as the most promising field for his future. But to leave such main and overshadowing causes, let us look at another active motive-power in the making of criminals—a power for which the printing-press is responsible. The style of reading offered to this peculiarly reading public by some of the daily and many of the current weekly papers, is in the highest degree demoralizing, and in some instances openly infamous. Doctors may differ as to remedies, but there can be no two opinions upon the diagnosis. We are eminently a reading people; of the entire population in this city in 1855, over twenty-one years of age, only four per cent. were unable to read; in round numbers they were 26,000, of whom 21,400 were Irish born and less than 2,100 of native birth. The metropolitan population at this date is more than a million; with the magnificent suburbs on Long Island, in Westchester, and New Jersey, the figures will reach more than fifteen hundred thousand. Now, the mental pabulum of this mass of active, independent minds becomes a matter of vast importance. It is not enough to see that vicious and demoralizing literature is kept out of schools—the entire city is a school, and every street-corner offers an almost free library; dead walls are instinct with education; and the all-pervading newspaper carries deeds of virtue or vice into the innermost sanctuary of home.

We repeat that in this abundant outpouring of the press the quality of literature offered is of vital consequence. The man who sends into one house a filthy yellow-covered book is justly amenable. How much more so should be the man who distributes the same poison by thousands of copies? The wretched trash which goes to make up much of modern story-writing must be seasoned with some specially enormous vice to make it palatable, and the imagination is racked to conceive new crimes or startling forms of old ones which, like the basilisk's gaze, will arrest and command attention. Even the highest form of imaginative writing—the English novel—is in this category, as the wicked-wife and double-adultery stories of Miss Braddon illustrate. Some of the widely circulated papers of this city make the elaborate detail of recent crimes their leading feature. A murder

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of unusual horror is a treasure, and a case of *crim.-con.* a perfect godsend. The fearful particulars are elaborated and reiterated to the utmost, and the descriptive talent of a good writer competes with the pictorial artist in impressing the event upon the reader. Days before the publication the bill-poster placards the town with a vivid picture of bloody horror, and the regular mediums of advertising are burdened with announcements that on such a day will be published in such a sheet all the particulars of the late atrocious wife-murder, with pictures of the hatchet that chopped open the brain, and an accurate likeness of the murdered woman, etc., etc. Should the case be one of immorality between the sexes, there is no end to the pains taken to tell in the most licentious language all the indecent particulars. In two or three instances this depraved taste is indulged in by the daily papers; one such paper was created, so to speak, by the murder of a prostitute, and has to the present day done justice to its paternity by holding open its columns to all the wanton fraternity and their natural followers of the "no-cure-no-pay" sort. This ribald concern is foremost in crying out against the city for its vices, and as regularly in advance of all competition in scoffing at any attempt at reform. Another, whose conductor is a leading member of a most honorable Christian sect, omits no opportunity to adorn its columns with testimony in rape cases and kindred crimes.

It would seem that the idea of moral responsibility is ignored by most publishers. So long as they keep within or evade the penal statute concerning offenses against public decency, they are satisfied. We venture to say that if any one of them were to undertake to read to the family of any other one of them the contents of his own newspaper, he would be speedily shown the outside of the door. They are issuing, daily and weekly, columns of reading matter for the public that not one would deliberately read at his own table. We might mention still other journals of a grade so glaringly infamous that their toleration is a matter of perpetual wonder, and for which toleration the public prosecutor is grievously to blame.

Now, when we remember that "everybody reads the papers," the influence of such literature may readily be considered very great. The mere recital, if ever so delicately done, of some strange crime, seems to provoke, in certain unbalanced minds, an irresistible desire of imitation. Hence it is a question, cognate with that of public executions, whether it would not be good policy to prohibit the printing of even the merest record. There is much sound truth in the axiom "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." At any rate, the abundance and elaborateness of current criminal literature, the shameless indecency of much of its record of facts, and the depraved character of much that is confessedly fictitious, should arrest the attention of parents and guardians, if not of the ministers of the law. A free press is a glorious boon; but when freedom is only another word for unfettered license, when moral restraints are broken down in the lust for gain, when the plastic minds of the young are poisoned with narratives, real or imaginary, that are unfit for publication at all, when the daily paper is made the medium of assignations, and the weekly sheet for Sunday reading is but a condensation of the criminal calendar, it is time that a thought should be bestowed upon the probable effect of such literature. That effect is being developed in a large increase of criminals among the young; in the vast number of mere children who swarm in our streets as "tramps," prostitutes, and thieves, apt pupils in the spicy school of literature with which they are so easily familiar. It is easy enough to cry out against the police—to charge (most untruly) that the increase of crime is the work of soldiers and the natural child of war. Doubtless, these reasons are worth attention; but they are as nothing compared with the deliberate wickedness to which we have specially referred. A negligent police may afford occasion to the practiced criminal; a drunken soldier may commit an unlawful act; the police may be readily improved; the soldier will be sober and peaceable in a day. But the boy or girl whose mind has been poisoned by the dangerous literature of certain journals becomes depraved throughout, and in many instances the whole life will be one of deliberate wickedness in unconscious imitation of the villainies impressed to-day upon the imagination and the memory by the perusal of books and papers that are as free as the sunlight, and seemingly as little suspected of injurious tendency.

THE FREEDMEN IN CANADA.

DURING the last summer, Dr. Samuel G. Howe was employed by the United States Freedmen's Inquiry Commission to visit Canada West, and examine into the condition of the colored population there, most of whom are fugitives from slavery in the United States. We have before us the result of Dr. Howe's inquiries and observations in a pamphlet of a hundred pages, which is in many respects an interesting and instructive document.

It is well known that for many years fugitives from slavery have been taking refuge in Canada, and that this movement was a good deal quickened by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. But the negroes in Canada are not all refugees from slavery. Many of them have gone from the

free states, driven away by legislative oppression or social prejudice. The whole number of persons in Canada West of African descent is estimated by Dr. Howe to be from fifteen to twenty thousand. They are found in considerable numbers in the large towns, but many of them are in small settlements, and some occupy detached farms. Most of them are mulattoes. Dr. Howe states that the proportion of pure Africans, even among the slave population of the South, is very small. We are in no condition to show the contrary, but our impression is distinctly otherwise. We have always supposed that a great majority of the plantation hands, so called, are Africans of unmixed blood. But we have no doubt that a residence of several generations in a temperate climate has the effect to give a lighter shade to the complexion. We suspect that Dr. Howe's inference has been drawn from observation of the house servants in the large towns.

In physical characteristics and aspect, the negroes in Canada resemble the colored people of the Middle States rather than those of the extreme Southern or the extreme Northern States. They are slightly built, narrow-chested, light-limbed, and deficient in muscular vigor and vital force. They are unprolific and short-lived. These physical characteristics are partly the result of the fact that they are a mixed race—a breed rather than a race—and partly the influence of the uncongenial climate of Canada. Under those cold skies the negro is a sickly exotic. The laws of climate are as inexorable as the laws of gravitation. Were ten thousand Africans, of the best and soundest stock, taken to Labrador, and left to themselves, there would not be one of the race living at the end of a hundred years; and such would be the fate of the same number of Englishmen taken to Cayenne or Demerara.

In regard to property, and the industry and thrift which acquire property, Dr. Howe's report is favorable on the whole, though not highly colored. Those who are settled in suburbs by themselves are not so well off as those who have their dwellings scattered among those of the whites. But these dwellings are generally superior to those of the Irish or other foreign emigrants of the laboring class. The refugees, for the most part, live in small, tidy houses, with gardens that seem well cared for. The comforts and the decencies of life are not wanting in their abodes. Cooking, eating, and sleeping are not done in the same room, but in separate ones. Their tables are decently spread and plentifully supplied. The statistics which Dr. Howe has collected as to the property owned by colored persons and the taxes paid by them, are rather encouraging than discouraging to those who wish well to the race. But very few deposit money in the savings' banks, and only in small amounts. Dr. Howe says, "They have use for all their means, and do not hoard." We apprehend that this is not a full explanation of the fact. We suspect that the practice of saving, of laying up money, of providing for a rainy day, does not belong to the negro race, which, in this as in so many other respects, carries into mature life more of the traits and characteristics of childhood than the white race.

The colored population in Canada are desirous of intellectual improvement, and especially that their children should be educated. The proportion of colored scholars to the whole colored population is nearly as great as that of the white scholars to the white population. In some of the towns the colored people have asked for and obtained separate schools; but there is a growing feeling among them that they made a mistake in asking for such schools, and a growing disposition is manifested to give them up. But, on the other hand, the whites in many places are resolved that the colored people shall have separate schools, though against their will. Legal struggles have commenced which may at last be determined by the higher tribunals of the province or by the legislature.

The colored people are right in their desire to have their children go to the same schools with white children, for the association with these latter has a beneficial effect upon colored children. It encourages, animates, and stimulates them. And no harm is done to the white children by thus mingling with their colored brethren; but, on the contrary, in a moral point of view, it is good for them to meet, at this ductile period of life, with contemporaries of an inferior race on a footing of equality in the school-room and play-ground. In those portions of New England where white children and colored children go to school together, the experiment has entirely succeeded.

We notice that Dr. Howe, in speaking of the feeling which would drive the colored people into separate schools, calls it "the spirit of caste." This will do well enough as a rhetorical expression, but it will hardly bear the touchstone of truth. Caste is a conventional or artificial distinction among men of the same race and color, and is a very different thing from those distinctions of color which God himself has created.

In regard to the mental capacity of colored children, Dr. Howe found a difference of opinion among men with equal capacities of observation; but he himself has the candor to remark that, in general, "the theory of the mental equality of colored and white people does not seem to be confirmed by the condition of the refugees in Canada." "They are

quick of perception; very imitative; and they rapidly become intelligent. But they are rather knowing than thinking people. They occupy useful stations in life, but such as require quick perceptions rather than strong sense." We think this a fair statement of the case, such as will be confirmed by all who have had the opportunity of comparing the two races. The white child and the colored child go on together, side by side, so long as the perceptive faculties are chiefly brought into exercise; but when the age of the reasoning and reflective powers comes, the white youth leaves his colored compeer behind.

The marked defect in their moral character is a propensity to pilfering. One gentleman whom Dr. Howe cites, and who is not an unfriendly witness, says "thieving is natural to them." Dr. Howe argues at some length that this thieving propensity is the growth of slavery, saying, "The fact that there is any honesty at all left among them is proof of the natural strength of their moral nature." This strikes us as pushing the argument too far. Slavery is certainly not a school of moral virtue; but Dr. Howe's statement involves the postulate that the negro in his natural state is an honest being, which is not according to the evidence of travelers in Africa. Not that he is peculiar in this; all barbarous nations are given to pilfering.

On the other hand, crimes of violence, crimes against the person, are rare among the colored people of Canada. With regard to the conduct of the colored convicts, Dr. Litchfield, superintendent of the Asylum for Criminal Lunatics, connected with the Penitentiary at Kingston, says: "The negro, as met with in Canada, is uniformly docile, courteous, kindly, and submissive; and he exhibits those qualities in a marked degree in the Penitentiary."

Religious instincts are very strong among the colored race, as is well known. Among the slaves, religion is almost wholly emotional, dwelling in the blood and not penetrating to the inner frame. In Canada they show the religious instinct in the higher forms of conscience, morality, and good works. They pray less vehemently, but lie and steal less readily. They profess religion less and practice it more. Dr. Howe remarks that they expend an undue and unreasonable part of their time and substance in building churches, and their zeal leads them to go begging for aid in this work.

So far as the relation between the sexes is concerned, the people of color in Canada show a marked improvement over the slaves. The courtesy of the free colored men to their women is well known in the United States, and it is even more marked in Canada. The marriage tie is becoming more respected, and purity of life more general.

There are also certain qualities of temperament and disposition which belong to the negro race and are strongly manifested by the Canadian refugees. Among them are their forgiving tempers and affectionate dispositions. They retain no rankling sense of injuries received in a state of slavery. In Canada, as everywhere, they are remarkable for their cheerfulness of spirit and their natural enjoyment of life for its own sake. But they have laid aside a portion of that boyish mirthfulness which characterized them in slavery and have become more thoughtful and sober.

Marriages between blacks and whites occasionally take place; but they are not common, and they are not upon the increase. Marriages between black men and white women are more frequent than between white men and black women; and the same thing is observed in those parts of New England where mixed marriages are allowed. The reason of this is that among the colored men there are individuals who are more cultivated, intelligent, and attractive, than among colored women. Dr. Howe states distinctly that the Canadian refugees discourage mixed marriages, and are more and more obeying the natural affinities of race. Our readers may be amused at one illustration of this, mentioned by the Mayor of Chatham: "A colored man ran away with a white girl. And another colored man, speaking of the affair, said: 'I always looked upon him as a respectable man. I didn't think he would fall so low as to marry a white girl!'"

In one respect Dr. Howe's observations are of peculiar value. They show that the prejudice of race, which English and French writers affirm to be exclusively an American prejudice engendered by slavery, exists in Canada as strongly as in our country, when the circumstances are such as would produce it here; that is, when the negroes come among them in sufficient numbers to compete for the means of living and for civil rights. Dr. Howe puts the case in a pointed but truthful way when he says:

"The truth of the matter seems to be that, as long as the colored people form a very small proportion of the population, and are dependent, they receive protection and favors; but when they increase, and compete with the laboring class for a living, and especially when they begin to aspire to social equality, they cease to be 'interesting negroes,' and become 'niggers.'"

Dr. Howe cites the testimony of several respectable persons, white and colored, which goes to prove that the prejudice against the negro race is stronger in Canada certainly than in New England, and is rather increasing than diminishing. The truth is that in England and France the negro is so rare that he is an object of curiosity, and fares better, is more noticed, than if he were white. In New England the negro is an object of interest, and there are so few of them

that they do not cross the white man's path. There are not more of them than are needed to do what they are willing to do, and what the white man is willing to let them do. But even here a negro never sits upon a jury, or is chosen to the legislature, or fills the humblest state or municipal office. In none of these countries are the facts such as determine what will be the fate of the negroes when they are in such numbers as to become rivals of the whites and arouse the selfish instincts of the laboring classes.

Dr. Howe concludes his report with two summaries of general conclusions, which we copy:

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS, DRAWN FROM OBSERVATION OF THE CONDITION OF COLORED PEOPLE OF CANADA WEST.

1st. That the negroes of Canada, being for the most part hybrids, are not of robust stock, and are unfavorably affected by the climate; that they are infertile, and their infertility is increased by intermarriage with each other; and therefore, unless their number is kept up by immigrants from the United States, or by some artificial encouragement, they will decrease and disappear in a few generations.

2d. That, with freedom and equality before the law, they are, upon the whole, sober, industrious, and thrifty, and have proved themselves to be capable of self-guidance and self-support.

3d. That they have set themselves in families, and hallowed marriage, whereby sensuality has lessened, and amalgamation between the races nearly ceased.

4th. That they are exceedingly imitative, but incline to imitate what is most worthy of imitation in the society about them, and are decidedly improving in knowledge and virtue.

5th. That those situated upon farms show ability, industry, and skill enough to manage them, though their isolation retards their mental improvement.

6th. That when they congregate in large numbers in one locality, and establish separate churches and schools, they not only excite prejudices of race in others, but develop a spirit of caste among themselves, and make less progress than where they form a small part of the local population.

7th. That prejudice against them among the whites (including the English) is engendered by the same circumstances, and manifested with the same intensity, as in the United States.

8th. That they have not taken firm root in Canada, and that they earnestly desire to go to the southern region of the United States, partly from love of warmth, but more from love of home.

9th. That, compared with the whites, the percentage of crimes indicative of lax morality is large; that of crimes indicative of malice and ferocity, all things considered, is not large; and that the percentage of pauperism is very small indeed.

10th. That, upon the whole, they promote the industrial and material interests of the country, and are valuable citizens.

GENERAL INFERENCES TO BE DRAWN FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF NEGROES IN CANADA, AS TO THE PROBABLE EFFECT OF GIVING FREEDOM AND EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW TO ALL NEGROES IN THE UNITED STATES.

1st. That with freedom and the ownership of property the instinct of family will be developed, marriages will increase, and promiscuous intercourse decrease. That the tendency of this change to increase population will be more than counteracted by the inferior fertility of the mulatto breed, when not invigorated by crossing with pure types black or white; so that the colored breed will soon begin to decrease.

2d. That, under freedom, we may safely rely upon the natural laws of affinity to check amalgamation of races, which slavery encourages by putting a premium upon the offspring, and in other ways.

3d. That with entire freedom of movement and security from oppression, much of the colored population of the Northern and Western States will be drawn by the natural laws which govern movements of peoples toward the tropical regions, carrying with them social influences which will soften the ferocity now prevalent, and be beneficial in many respects.

4th. That the negroes of the South are capable of self-guidance and support without other protection than will be needed by poor whites; and that they will be loyal supporters of any government which insures their freedom and rights.

5th. That when living in communities with whites in not greater proportion than one thousand to fifteen or twenty thousand, antagonism of race will hardly be developed, but the negroes will imitate the best features of white civilization, and will improve rapidly.

6th. That it is not desirable to have them live in communities by themselves.

7th. That they will be docile and easily governed by laws, and however given to petty offenses, will not be prone to crimes of grave character; that they will be peculiarly susceptible to religious influence, and excel in some of the Christian virtues.

8th. That they will not be idle, but industrious and thrifty, and that there will be less pauperism among them than is usual among our foreign emigrants.

9th. That by their industry and thrift they will forward the industrial interests of the country, without the fearful demoralization heretofore caused by their oppression and debasement.

Finally, the lesson taught by this and other emigrations is that the negro does best when let alone, and that we must beware of all attempts to prolong his servitude, even under pretext of taking care of him. The white man has tried taking care of the negro, by slavery, by apprenticeship, by colonization, and has failed disastrously in all; now let the negro try to take care of himself. For, as all the blood and tears of our people in this revolutionary struggle will be held as cheap if they re-establish our Union in universal freedom, so all the suffering and misery which his people may suffer in their efforts for self-guidance and support will be held cheap if they bring about emancipation from the control of the whites.

Some of these conclusions seem to us hardly warranted by the observations recorded in the former part of the report, and we doubt as to some of the effects likely to be anticipated from giving freedom and equality before the law to all negroes in the United States. Dr. Howe seems to think that all the virtues of the negro race are their own, and all their infirmities and defects the result of slavery. Were this so, the negroes on the coast of Guinea and in Hayti would be superior in moral qualities to the slaves in South Carolina, which is a conclusion we think observation will not confirm. Slavery may have done for the negro race all that it can do, and the time may have come when it must cease; but to establish relations between the two races which will secure to the negro all the good of slavery and none of its bad, is a task which will require all that is wise

in the white man's brain and all that is kind in the white man's heart. We are not at all sure that "the negro does best when let alone," but time is fast solving the problem and making discussion superfluous.

SHAKESPEARE'S FAME IN THE LAST CENTURY.

A CONSIDERABLE misapprehension has prevailed relative to the popularity of Shakespeare during the early part of the last century, antecedent to the appearance of Garrick in 1741. The name of this actor was so constantly coupled with that of the dramatist during his day that it got to be the fashion to consider his advent as ushering Shakespeare from obscurity—a notion the inscription on the actor's monument in the Abbey cherishes, and which, after the lead of Scott and others, is now frequently and loosely attached to his name. Like all great innovators, Garrick had the way prepared for him, and Shakespeare lifted him into eminence at the same time that he gave wider currency to the greater name!

The new century did not perhaps open auspiciously for Shakespeare's fame. King William was a man who was not touched by Betterton's tragic pathos or the courtier evidences of his comic power, but found greater delight in the clownish Doggett—not a symptom of relish fit to argue much for the healthier appreciation of "Hamlet." With an audience that Rowe's "Tamerlane" was succeeding, there was little hope for Shakespeare. Yet, if Betterton were on the decline, there was a young actor in Barton Booth from whom a few expected great things in time; but shall we take the newly vamped Crookback, that Colley Cibber was just now bringing forward, as an augury of Shakespeare's fame for the century to come? Popular as "Richard" had been in Barbauld's day, it had not been played since the Restoration; and even now did not give promise of the success it was to have down to our day, which was only assured till it had been ten years on the prompter's lists. Nor was the augury more favorable in view of that comic Shylock that Lansdowne had fashioned in his "Jew of Venice," which was destined yet to be the first propitiatory sacrifice to Shakespeare's fame forty years later, as we shall see. Meanwhile there is much of this make-believe to submit to. Gildon, who used his critical weapons on Rymer, converts the "Measure for Measure" into an opera, and, thinking it a sin to laugh amid such trials as Angelo imposes, he omits the comic parts altogether. This was what was called being "regular." The redoubtable Dennis can bristle all over with rules just as readily, and so the "Merry Wives" are pared away and pieced out into the stupid piece of evenness called the "Comical Gallant." But the regulated changeling soon droops for lack of blood and dies the death of all weaklings. Those who give "royal commands" were not insensible of this folly, and would have the true play at the palace before long; but the good old comedy did not take a firm hold of public favor for some fifteen years yet. There was another instance to show the actor, and the hour was not come. Barnaby gave a twist to "Twelfth Night" that did not improve it; but still it was presentable, had there been any to save it, lacking which it died at once, not to be revived for nearly forty years.

If we review the first ten years of this century on the stage, there are signs of encouragement. Farquhar had produced some genuine comedy; but Rowe, Hill, and Theobald had only delivered themselves of a weakly mixture, be it in tragedy or in a lighter sphere; while Shakespeare in some form or other, commonly to be sure in that of adulteration, was on the stage more frequently, as far as diversity of plays goes, than ever before since the reopening of the houses. During the decade there were not less than twenty different plays given to the public, each traceable in a larger or less degree to Shakespeare as the original. The bibliography of the same period was nearly as favorable; and within it also falls the first edition of his plays that was ever subjected to an editor's hand, (1709).

Betterton had made the earliest pilgrimage to Stratford that we have record of, to gather the material that Rowe worked into his life of Shakespeare as prefixed to this edition. The great poet and the player had been dead over fourscore years, not too long for traditional reports of the man to have vanished; and Betterton was a man to gather them lovingly. Shakespeare's name was dear to him. His youth went back among those who remembered his face and loved to talk of him; and when at Davenant's death that portrait was sold which Sir William had bought of the players when Parliament had interrupted their means of livelihood, Betterton had become the purchaser of the precious relic that is now known as the Chandos likeness. Almost all the main points of Shakespeare's story, as modern biographers tell it, were then picked up by the reverent actor, including something which the weight of testimony has been found since to be somewhat against. Shakespeare got in his editor a man of equal reverence, but not always wise in it perhaps; but at all events he has the credit of ushering the unadulterated text into notice at a time when there was so much doing in the guise of fancied improvement, and of conferring the long merited honor of revision forty and fifty years before the works of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, or Massinger, obtained that distinction. The lead

that Rowe established, there were others to acknowledge. Steele, insensible as he may have been to Shakespeare's female creations, took an opportunity in the *Spectator* to recommend the edition by deprecating the taste that could endure Shadwell and Tate. It is noticeable that, upon this recuperation of his plays, there came some very encomiastic awards from the writers of the day. Steele pronounced him "imitable" in the *Spectator*, and calls him "the great master who ever commands our tears" in the *Tatler*. It was De Quincey who charged upon Addison utter forgetfulness of Shakespeare in his periodical papers; but Knight has proved the assertion too sweeping. He certainly says of "Lear" that it is an "admirable tragedy as Shakespeare wrote it; but as it is reformed, in my humble opinion, it has lost half its beauty." There is indeed another passage in one of the *Spectators*, ascribed usually to Addison, which is more general and abundantly eulogistic, and discriminate enough to satisfy the cavilers against rules in our day. "Our imitable Shakespeare is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated?" This is a pretty good admission for the author of a regular tragedy that had so marked a success as "Cato" but the year before; and in the face of a public that had not long since been applauding Booth to the skies, as the fit successor of their Betterton, because of the impression he made in a play that had been fashioned on Racine's "Andromache." But there was some truth in it men's minds, for the same year (1714) Rowe's edition passed to second issue. There had been intervals of twenty and more years before, but now a space of five years deprives the market of his plays. During this second decade (1710-20) there were two or three more plays of a Shakespeare origin upon the stage than in the previous ten years; and at least six plays were regularly introduced every season. These were "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," and "Othello," with no great variance from the true text, and Betterton's adaptation of "Henry IV," Tate's "Lear," and Davenant's "Macbeth." The decade witnessed the last performances of Betterton in his seventy-first year, the ripening powers of Booth and Wilks, and the initial promise of Quin; and we make it that in all they were instrumental in giving about twenty-two different plays, either wholly or in part as Shakespeare wrote them.

The following ten years, from 1720 to 1730, showed a still more marked progress. Out of the twenty-six plays then in acting, nine of them were almost wholly unadulterated, and of these six were constantly presented. The new actor, Quin, has the credit of giving this prominence to the "Merry Wives" and "Measure for Measure." Six, too, among the seventeen refashioned plays, were given every season, making twelve plays in all prominently before the town. It was during this period, also, that the plays found a new editor in Pope, who was the first to annotate the text. Ten years had passed from Rowe's second edition. In that interval the popularity of Shakespeare had made great advances. Bysshe, who printed an anthology in 1718, feels called upon to account for the paucity of his extracts from Shakespeare by charging an obsolescence of style upon his works as not *en rapport* with modern taste; and Pope at the same time is telling friends that he wonders Rowe will imitate the style of "a bad age," in his plays of professed Shakespearean modeling, without having a word of disparagement upon imitating in general. Three years later another scholiast, in a critical work, acknowledges Shakespeare to be the idol of the times, and, while he berates his ability, he intimates he is thoroughly conscious of the indignation he must encounter in thus daring the opinion of the people. These two conditions are a little anomalous. He could not really have been obsolete in a very considerable degree, and maintained this popularity. Nor can we deem it in unison that Voltaire, who was in London in 1730, records the fact that he found Shakespeare always spoken of as the "divine," and that his plays drew such houses as "Cato" and "Andromache" could not present.

It is not too much to say that, of all the editions that Shakespeare has had, he has hardly had a poorer than Pope; and it is something to the credit of the times that, without our experience, they thought as much, for his small editions grew dusty on the booksellers' shelves. His preface is not behind the average appreciation of his day, and he gave every advantage of type to his edition; but he marred the text by preposterous assumptions, and a vaunting ability to separate the genuine Shakespeare from the alleged interpolations of the players, and a willingness to supply the hiatus with his own brain. His folly made the fortunes of a smaller man; for Theobald met him boldly with criticism, only to be raised to the throne of the Dunciad, and to retaliate in return by producing (1733) an edition of his own that completely eclipsed by its success the three that Pope had then issued, and knelled the knoll of his only subsequent one, with a London imprint in 1735. We can accept this success as a general fact without putting credit in the large figures in Theobald's favor that Steeven's gives us, for this latter commentator has got no fame for veracity.

This fourth decade (1734-40) which we have thus trenched upon is in some respects one of the most remarkable of the

century. Pope gives the key-note of the current praise—
“Shakespeare, whom you and every play-house bill
Style the Divine, the Matchless—what you will,”

and Disraeli says that, in examining the theatrical records of that day, Shakespeare is almost always called “the immortal,” while Jonson is put off with “famous.” The number of plays upon the stage is not in advance of the last decade; but while then only about a third were unadulterated, now nearly a half are of that character, and a larger number than before are among the constant repetitions of the seasons. In regard to the prevalence of his works in type, the prominence in this decade is extraordinarily marked. The three editions of the complete works do not count against the manifold number that some future decades saw; but never before nor again during that century was the number of separate issues of the plays or their adaptations equalled. Something like fifty different editions of single plays were issued, three times more than ever before, and nearly double what followed in a like time during the century. It is not, however, to be concealed that subsequently the greater prevalence of the complete works must have had a repressing effect upon single issues. Still, the result is marked, and is worth investigating, but we leave the inquiry till another week.

LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY.

(TO BE INQUIRED FOR AT THE BROOKLYN FAIR.)

MY DEAR YOUNG LADY:—

I shall make no sonnet to your eyebrows, which I daresay are as pretty as most eyebrows; nor to your lips, which I will venture are taking upon themselves a graceful little curl of indifference, not to say contempt, as you enter upon my cold and uncomplimentary way of addressing you.

And if it had been some sweet poem for which you had paid your quarter—a poem so full of tender and deft praises as to make your heart bounce under your silken bodice—would this pleasant flattery have ennobled the charity you wish to show for suffering soldiers, in your attendance upon the fair and in purchase of a letter at the Academy?

If there be no compliment within to balance the money paid, do you count it a hard bargain? Well, I hope from my heart that you may never make a harder one. And now that you have me fairly in hand (and I assure you that I am a presentable man, although not so young or so fitted for a photograph as you might wish), will you listen while I give you a word or two of counsel?

And, first of all, my dear young lady, do not consider it a misfortune that you have not received in place of this a letter from your admired Adolphus. Adolphus still lives, and can tell you, in his own honied way, why he has not written, and why he has not gone to the war; and you will continue to believe him as you believe in no other mortal. I haven’t a doubt that he is a fine fellow; I haven’t a doubt that he has good reasons for loving you (or a doubt that I should have them, if I saw you); I haven’t a doubt that he has reasons for quartering himself at home instead of doing so upon the damp ground by the Rapidan; I haven’t a doubt that you accept his reasons, and believe, as an amiable young lady should, that, if “reasons” were not in the way, he would soon be among the host of his country’s defenders, and rise to the rank of major-general at the very least. In short, I admire, at a distance, your Adolphus and your regard for him.

Just now, however, I wish to say some serious things to you, and I take advantage of the Academy post-office to do so, quietly and anonymously. You have taken some interest in this fair, else you would never have visited it and never have bought this letter. But is your interest in the fair directed and enlivened, as it should be chiefly, by the thought of those poor soldiers (with no such fine name as Adolphus) who are to-day groaning with fevers or grating their teeth with the exquisite pain of some gunshot wound which the surgeon vainly endeavors to probe? Do you keep alive in your heart the thought that many a poor woman in the back country, who has sent her boy or her young husband to the battles, is thinking of that boy or that husband as fondly and as proudly as you might think of your Adolphus if he were there? And when you dress for your morning saunter among the booths of the fair, and plait your wavy tresses over and over, so as to give the best effect to that comely face of yours—are you thinking so much of the charities you are going to bestow upon those who suffer in camps, as of the conquests you are going to make of those who live in cities?

Pray, my dear young lady, do not mistake me here. I would not have you unbraided a single coil of those fairy locks of yours; but I would have you, in your thought at least, live up to the level of this great charitable intent. Think of those who are wasting under canvas or in the fire of battle. Your Adolphus may be sleek and cheery, doubly so when he meets your gracious look; but, my dear, there are a thousand, and there are ten thousand girls, with hearts as big as yours, of whom the “Adolphus” is a wounded soldier. Think of this!

It will never do to make a play of charity. If there be any earnest work which we are bound to do in this world—work so earnest that it overtops all other work—its name

is Charity. Think of this a little (without thinking of Adolphus)!

And when you have begun to think of charity, do not, I beg, limit that Christian grace to a few purchases at the fair—to a roll of lint for some poor sufferer under the instruments of ambitious young surgeons. True charity has a wider meaning, and wants, in these days of ours, a wider interpretation; and if you go to the fair with your heart full of it, you cannot spend so much but that you shall come away with your heart full of it still.

Charity does not lie altogether in helping wounded soldiers, but very largely in toleration of opinion which does not agree with ours.

Your Adolphus, my dear lady, may be a warm republican (though not in the army), but do not for that reason (if you are a democrat) misjudge him; he may have lost his thumb or his teeth, possibly he may have Quakerish proclivities. Have charity for him. I am confident you do.

Your Adolphus, my dear young lady, may be a zealous democrat (though not in the army), but do not for that reason (if you are a republican) misjudge him; he may have lost a toe or be short-sighted, possibly his hearing is impaired. Pray have charity for him. I am confident you do.

But besides your Adolphus, my dear young lady, there are a great many men in the world. You may be indisposed to believe it, but the fact is literally true. And for all these men, of whatever shade of political opinion, so they be honest, I entreat your charity. Do not be in haste to consider a man dishonest because he differs from your Adolphus. We cannot be all moulded alike; we cannot all think alike. Do not count a man a traitor if he should express admiration for the engineering abilities of General McClellan and refuse to subscribe for the *Times*. Do not count every man a traitor who admires General Fremont and reads the *Liberator* or *Harper’s Weekly*. These idiosyncrasies are all within the limits of a love for that old historic flag which you and I both, my dear young lady, so venerate and wish to keep pure of all blemish.

Again, let the charity you cultivate by contributions to the fair guard you against all cruelties of thought or cruelties of passion. When your Adolphus, in a freak of patriotism (though not in the army), wishes to avenge upon the Southern prisoners all the hardships which our prisoners have suffered, pray remind him, in your own gentle way, that, if the Richmond jailers and keepers of our prisoners are bestial in their treatment, there is no law but the law of anger which can make us match it; and the law of anger, tell him, shall not be our law.

In all things that relate to this great strife of ours, learn charity, while you practice it by your purchases. Keep constant faith and pride in the old flag, and let it be so strong and steadfast that you shall spurn any ignoble or unchristian method of maintaining its dignity. Believe in honor; believe in charity; believe in Union; and believe, if you will, in Adolphus.

Yours,

SENECA.

ESSAYISTS—WITH A SPECIMEN.

THE popularity of essays has existed so long and is so general that it is not to be wondered at that young writers are attracted to them for good reading and for models of style. We all relish reading a good essay, be it in the vein of the ponderous Bacon or in that of the more genial Lamb; but of all the poor stuff to read there is nothing that will compare with a poor essay, poor sermons not excepted. A specimen lies before us; its subject is John Greenleaf Whittier, and its author Mr. David A. Wasson. Of Mr. Wasson we know nothing, save that he has lately become quite a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. We have never had the pleasure of seeing him, nor did we ever hear of him save through the medium of advertisements; all we know is that the conductors of the said magazine print his effusions, and thus indirectly challenge criticism of them. So we accept the challenge. We shall confine our remarks to the article referred to, both because it is of recent date and because it is one of the best articles that we ever read of which we knew Mr. Wasson to be the author.

The opening sentence informs the readers that the writer first met the poet Whittier ten years ago—and this is proper enough. In the next sentence we are told that at that time Mr. Wasson “had been making notes, with much interest, upon the genius of the Semitic nations.” (But what has this to do with Whittier?) We read on:

“That peculiar simplicity, centrality, and intensity which caused them to originate Monotheism from two independent centers, the only systems of pure Monotheism which have had power in history—while the same characteristics made their poetry always lyrical, never epic or dramatic, and their most vigorous thought a perpetual sacrifice on the altars of the will—this had strongly impressed us; and we seemed to find in it a striking contrast to the characteristic genius of the Aryan or Indo-Germanic nations”—

Bosh! We cannot go to the trouble of copying the rest of the paragraph. It reads too much like one of Artemus Ward’s thrilling “periods.” The gist of it is that, after doing all that (and more too), Mr. Wasson’s first thought on seeing Whittier was, “The head of a Hebrew prophet!”

The second thought is unfolded in the next sentence, as follows:

“It [Mr. Whittier’s head] is not Hebrew—Saracen rather; the Jewish type is heavier, more material; but it corresponds strikingly to the conceptions we had formed of the Southern Semitic crania, and the whole make of the man was of the same character.”

We trust there are some persons who relish such balderdash. They are welcome to it. If it were meant simply for a rhetorical flourish, we might pass it by as we would the portion of a political speech which, at this late day, attempts to explain “the cause of the war;” but the idea permeates the whole article. Even after Mr. Wasson has taken up “In War-Time,” he goes back again to those Semitic nations and exclaims, “Is not here a key to Whittier’s genius? Is not this Semitic centrality and simplicity, this prophetic depth, reality, and vigor, without great lateral and intellectual range, its especial characteristic?” Could anything be more turgid? We grope our way along files of such sentences—all lacking life, many lacking sense, and each one straining after something wonderful, which, if the writer has in his mind, he certainly fails to express. Soon we come across the following summary of Mr. Wasson’s estimate of Whittier:

“His genius is Hebrew, Biblical—more so than that of any other poet now using the English language. In other words, he is organically a poem of the Will. He is a flower of the moral sentiment—and of the moral sentiment, not in its flexible, feminine, vine-like dependence and play, but in its masculine rigor, climbing in direct, vertical affirmation, like a forest pine. In this respect he affiliates with Wordsworth, and, going farther back, with Milton, whose root was Hebrew, though in the vast epic flowering of his genius he passed beyond the imaginative range of Semitic mind.”

Semitic again. Alas for Whittier! His genius is Hebrew, while he himself is “organically a poem of the Will,” “a flower of the moral sentiment, * * * climbing in direct vertical affirmation, like a forest pine.” Compare the abominable style of this paragraph with the article of Bryant in the *Atlantic* for February. We would fain believe that Mr. Wasson’s style is Semitic, and therefore ill fits our English language, which, when unadorned, is adorned the most—but we must pass on.

There are very many passages in the article before us which we would like to hold up to young writers as warnings, just as a temperance lecturer points to his “horrid example;” but that might be too much for our readers. Doubtless the Quaker poet will smile if he is so unfortunate as to read Mr. Wasson’s theory as to how he (Whittier) writes poetry, which is: “First, there is inward vital conversion of the elements of his experience, then verse, or version—first the soul, then the body.” Lucid, is it not? If the poet has to undergo all this before he can produce a poem, we pity him; but if to this is due the simple character of his verses, we pray that before Mr. Wasson undertakes to write again there may be in him, also, an “inward vital conversion of the elements of his experience,” whatever that may be.

Now for an example of what may be not inaptly termed the forcible-feeble style, in which italics and capitals are made to supply the emphasis which the words do not contain, thus:

“He [Whittier] learned to utter the word *Man* so believably that it sounded down into depths of the divine and infinite. He learned to say with Novalis, ‘He touches heaven who touches a human body.’ And when he uttered this word, ‘Man,’ in full, social breadth, lo! it changed, and became *AMERICA*.”

To one unfamiliar with the jejuneness of Mr. Wasson it might seem that there lay in the above citation some awful meaning hidden to the simple, save as italics and ‘small caps’ revealed its existence. But we assure them there exists no such thing, not even in a Semitic sense, if the author will allow us to say so. This is a fault so common, especially with young writers, that we are tempted to say a word for their benefit. If the language is not strong in itself, either by virtue of the ideas it conveys or of the words employed to convey those ideas, you may be sure that all the aid you can get from typography will not add any strength to it. As a general rule, never make use of italics for this purpose, and the less frequently you use them the more they will tell when you do use them. Mr. Wasson, too, would do well to bear this in mind.

We pass over the analysis of Whittier and the three epochs into which Mr. Wasson portions off his life, simply because they are irrelevant to the subject of which we are writing. Mr. Wasson’s style is one on no account to be imitated, though it obtains partial endorsement by appearance in the leading literary monthly of this country. It is, in part, an attempt to imitate Mr. Carlyle’s oddities, and of course, as it is an imitation, it gets only his absurdities. The late Theodore Parker tried to ape the same style, and failed, of course. The fact is, style is generally what Archbishop Hughes would call a “respectable nuisance,” and often not even that. The man who is troubled with a style is not likely to make a writer—certainly not until he rids himself of the trouble. History preserves only the simplest writings. Whittier’s simple verses will live longer than the turgid mutterings of a verse-maker like Tupper; and Mr. Wasson’s essays, though fearfully and wonderfully made, will not outlast the paper on which they are written, if they be not simpler and better than the one entitled “Whittier.”

MARGITES.

I NEITHER plow the field, nor sow,
Nor hold the spade, nor drive the cart,
Nor spread the heap, nor hill nor hoe,
To keep the barren land in heart.

And tide and term, and full and change,
Find me at one with ridge and plain;
And labor's round, and sorrow's range,
Press lightly, like regardless rain.

Pleasures and peril, want and waste,
Knock at the door with equal stress,
And flit beyond; nor aught I taste
Disrelishing of bitterness.

And tide and term, and full and change,
Crown me no cup with flowers above;
Nor rock I of embraces strange,
Nor honey-month of lawful love.

The seasons pass upon the mould
With counterchange of cloud and clear,
Occasion sure of heat and cold,
And all the usage of the year.

But leaning from my window, chief
I mark the autumn's mellow signs—
The frosty air, the yellow leaf,
The ladder leaning on the vines.

The maple from his brood of boughs
Puts northward out a reddening limb;
The mist draws faintly round the house,
And all the headland heights are dim.

And yet it is the same as when
I looked across the chestnut woods,
And saw the barren landscape then
O'er the red bunch of lilac-buds;

And all things seem the same.—'Tis one
To lie in sleep, or toil as they
Who rise beforetime with the sun,
And so keep footstep with their day;

For sinless osf, and wiser fool,
Work to one end by differing deeds;
The weeds rot in the standing pool;
The water stagnates in the weeds;

And all by waste or warfare falls;
Has gone to wreck, or crumbling goes,
Since Nero planed his golden walls,
Or the Cham Cublai built his house.

But naught I reck of change or fray;
Watching the clouds at morning driven,
The still declension of the day,
And when the moon is just in heaven,

I walk, unknowing where or why;
Or idly lie beneath the pine,
And bite the dry brown threads, and lie
And think a life well-lost is mine.

REVIEWS.

MR. CORSON'S CHAUCER.*

THIS book is an attempt at least in the right direction. There have been many efforts to introduce the works of the great "Father of English Poetry" to modern readers, and nearly if not quite all of these have failed, not so much because they were undertaken by men of insufficient learning as because they were attempted in an injudicious manner. Indeed, some of the most deservedly honored poets in the line of succession from Chaucer have taken the task in hand and have presented to the public translations of his stories. But whatever of genius they brought to bear upon their efforts seems to have been lost, and their translations have at best been only feeble imitations of a glorious original, or, as in the case of Dryden's renderings, have thrown the coloring of a later and degraded age over the dewy freshness of the early singers. To read Chaucer with any satisfaction, it is necessary that we should read his own hearty words; and to catch the spirit of his poetry, we must learn to understand the melody of his verse, not corrected to suit the fancy of some modern school, but clear and resonant with its original accents and its primeval harmony. We might as easily pronounce upon the merits of Horace as a lyric poet from reading Mr. Martin's translations as to judge of Chaucer from the renderings of the best of the authors of "Chaucer Modernized." But it is not merely as pleasant reading of high literary order that the works of Chaucer are valuable. Their philological importance has long been well known to students, and their value to any one who would use the English language with full appreciation of its power ought to be more generally known. This book will, we believe, do something to that end.

Chaucer's poems, it has been well said, are "covered with the dust of an antiquated dialect," and it is not easy for any

* Chaucer's *Legende of Goode Women*. Edited, with an introduction, and notes, glossarial and critical, by Hiram Corson. F. Leypoldt: Philadelphia. 1 vol. 12mo.

except students of our language to read them without the most constant reference to the glossary. Moreover, the glossary, as usually printed at the end of the book, often fails to give the true force of a word in each particular connection. And it is at best a wearisome way of reading when we are obliged to stop and turn over for explanation after every few words. We feel this more particularly in reading a book in our own language. As the lamented Prof. Reed observed, "it is like encountering the curse of Babel at our own doors." Hence a book like the one under consideration is especially valuable inasmuch as it furnishes a running commentary upon the text, and on the same page; and more than this, does not merely give us the special meaning of the words in each particular case, but often affords us valuable information in regard to the successive changes which have passed over the meaning of the word since the time of Chaucer.

But it is not merely by the difficulty of understanding the meaning that one who attempts to read the old poet is troubled. Our inability to make his verses conform to our modern ideas of versification creates often an unpleasant sense of roughness and irregularity in the lines. We need to understand something of the differences in pronunciation between Chaucer's time and our own in order that the verse may flow smoothly as we read. This requirement Mr. Corson has answered in the essay upon Chaucer's versification which he has incorporated in his introduction. And this introduction, though we are disposed to find fault with it in some respects, is, we think, better calculated to clear up the matter than Mr. Craik's treatment of the same subject in his "English Literature." Two faults seem to us especially noticeable in this part of the book. The first is that Mr. Corson has overloaded more than one of the topics he considers by a display of needless research. For example, where he speaks of the fact that many words in our language have suffered change in their accentuation since the time of Chaucer, it was by no means needful that he should give us two hundred illustrations. Half a dozen would have been quite sufficient. Indeed, Craik illustrates the same point to the perfect understanding of all his readers by adducing three instances, two of which are the word *aspect*, pronounced *aspekt* in Shakespeare, and the word *essay*, pronounced *essay* in Pope—"And write, next winter, more essays on man." Such superabundance of illustration as Mr. Corson gives in this and other instances is both cumbersome and unscholarly.

Our second complaint of the introduction is that Mr. Corson seems to regard the verse of the Legend as consisting of ten syllables, while the very examples of scansion which he gives, if the words be pronounced according to the rules he himself lays down, seem to indicate that it has eleven instead of ten syllables. True, he does not say positively that the line is decasyllabic, but he speaks of five heavily accented syllables and marks his examples of scansion with the evident intention that they shall be read as such. Such a reading, as we think, is likely to create a good deal of confusion in regard to the pronunciation of the final e, and is therefore much less clear than a method of scansion which would make the lines consist of eleven instead of ten syllables. We may be met here by the assertion that verses frequently occur in this poem which it is possible by no reading to make more than ten syllables long. The answer to this is to be found in the frequent mistakes of copyists, or perhaps in the supposition that such verses are purposely left catalectic for the sake of variety and freedom. This theory seems to us open to fewer objections than that which Mr. Corson seems to adopt.

We have examined many of Mr. Corson's notes, and find some of them replete with evidence of careful research and calculated to furnish much valuable information. The discussion of the word *thewes* on p. 125 is quite valuable; the instances of its use show Mr. Corson's acquaintance with a wide range of English literature; and the note which follows (p. 127) upon *wirdes*, showing the parallel between the Anglo-Saxon and the Roman ideas of the fates, is peculiarly interesting. On the other hand, some of the notes are far from complimentary to the intelligence of his readers; as, for instance, upon *Octavian* (p. 37), a note that would hardly be needed by a school-boy possessing the minimum of knowledge of Roman history.

We are surprised that Mr. Corson, after quoting Dr. Trench's remarks on the word *starve* (p. 36), in which its early use to denote any kind of death (like the German *sterben*) and its present restriction to death by hunger and cold is mentioned, does not add a remark upon its still further restriction in this country to death by hunger. It was not strange that an Englishman like the Archbishop of Dublin should fail to notice this fact, but the omission is remarkable in an American.

Mr. Corson is, we think, to be congratulated on his selection of a poem for his purpose. Among the poems of Chaucer there are few which will be so heartily welcomed with the addition of Mr. Corson's "helps to read" by general readers as this, for the curiosity of such readers has been long excited in regard to this poem by the lines from Tennyson which are prefixed to this volume:

"I read before my eyelids dropped their shade
The Legende of Goode Women; long ago
Writ by the morning-star of song, who made
His music heard below."

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

And with the exception of a few of the Canterbury Tales there is, perhaps, none of Chaucer's poems which would better serve to illustrate the freshness and beauty of his genius than this.

We do not despair of something which shall be yet better than Mr. Corson's book as a commentary upon Chaucer and the development of language—a book that should display rather less of research and in some respects a more scholarly spirit; but meanwhile we are heartily thankful for this book and to Mr. Corson for the labor he has bestowed upon it. And we know of no introduction to the old poet which is so well adapted to increase the number of his readers as this.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF PRESCOTT.*

IF Dr. Johnson's judgment be correct, that no man can adequately write the life of another except he has familiarly lived with him, then was Mr. Ticknor possessed of the right qualities of a biographer of Prescott; and it was this advantage, and the kinship of their literary tastes, and the common nationality wherein their fields of labor lay, that made him the choice, as Mr. Hillard says, of the common friends of both. Mr. Prescott told an acquaintance but a day or two before his death that Ticknor would probably never write another book, little dreaming that himself would be so soon the subject that was to break his resolution; and it was a duty as well as a privilege that he could not shrink from, who for fifty long years had been the most intimate of the historian's associates without the pale of kindred.

We were in Boston on the day of Prescott's death, and when the report spread among the merchants of State street while they were assembled at their daily convocation in front of the Exchange, there was a sadness on the faces and spontaneity of affectionate tribute that it is not probable the loss of another name in the stricter departments of literature could have effected. The throng that gazed reverently, or formed a part of the subsequent procession, were those who were oppressed with a national loss; they felt that something had departed from among the blessings that made them proud of their nation. The day after came that meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society where his memory was the subject of such tributes as is seldom the lot of a citizen to deserve. There was a rare assemblage of the most honored of Massachusetts' children. In the chair sat Mr. Winthrop, the memories of our national and entire colonial history clinging about his name. The resolutions of their respect and sympathy introduced by Prof. Ticknor were too emotional except to give expression to feelings he could not marshal into the symmetry of eulogy. Then Dr. Walker rose and told of his recollections, going back to the days when he and the one they mourned were classmates in the institution over which he now presided, and bearing testimony to the singular completeness of that character which success had not changed from the merry and cheerful habit that then distinguished him. And then followed others, the venerable Quincy, Dr. Frothingham, for years his pastor, and Felton (himself so soon to follow)—all in one strain, not so much of encomiastic regard as of happy contemplation of a character and fame so pure and so worthy of imitation.

Prof. Ticknor was soon designated by his associates to prepare the customary memoir for their collections, as, indeed, he had been requested by the deceased in the event of its necessity. The theme was so enchanting, so sweet, that after a few years attention and some delay it has taken form in this much praised product of the Cambridge press, and it comes not inopportune. It is well to contemplate the career of one whose name is associated with the early beginnings of our continent, at a time when we are enacting the most momentous, perhaps, in its subsequent history. Mr. Prescott often said he was at a loss with the characters of men, unless they had been ten centuries at least under ground. When urged to write the second conquest of Mexico, when the campaigns of Scott had just been giving the older history of the land of his triumphs a new significance, he shook his head and turned once more to his ancient Spaniards. He did not live to witness the third of these conquests, or he might have turned away with more expression of disdain than was ever before seen on his amiable features.

Mr. Ticknor does not close his volume, as is often a biographer's custom, with any summing up of his subject's character. He has allowed the reader, as he goes smoothly along his narrative and scans its illustrations under Mr. Prescott's own hand, as taken from his memoranda and letter-books, to gather in his memory just those traits which he shall think fit to ponder over as he lays the book aside or puts it on the same shelf with the memorials of Gibbon or the life-pictures that Boswell and Lockhart have given us of those they knew as well.

This general impression, when we turn it in our own mind as he used to weigh and consider the materials for a passage

* The Life of William Hickling Prescott, by George Ticknor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. 4to.
An article by George S. Hillard in North American Review, January, 1864.

of history before he put his style to the noctograph, will round itself into a symmetry of character that explains the constant admiration that his friends always used in regard to him. We can then understand how it was that no one ever spoke disparagingly of him, and Mr. Hillard says he is the only man among those he has known of whom this can be said. Yet his individuality was not one of that sort of uninteresting perfectness such as are pointed out for our complacent admiration by those novelists who write for a purpose not to be mistaken. Mr. Prescott had a lion in the way throughout his career, and much of the interest of his life consists in his endeavors to overcome it and in his failure oftentimes to do it—and this was his constitutional disinclination to work. About the only oddity or whim in his nature was his device to thwart this mental dereliction by mulcting himself with pecuniary forfeiture if he failed to meet the requirements of his conscience in his labors—a scheme, it may be added, that would have been more effective in one less inclined to charity or more tenacious of money.

As a boy he loved play better than study, and he entered too much into boisterous merriment, often at the cost of his fellows, to be the school favorite that self-command, rigorously acquired, in later life enabled him to become. In mental attainments he only aimed at enough to constitute him a gentleman, and he had visions for the future in a home where he was indulged, of only such culture as would give him rank in the circles of dainty, elegant idleness. When afterward he is writing his chapter on the civilization of the Incas, he can only liken the hardship of its composition by calling it as "painful a task as I ever performed at school." It was this resolution to master himself and his dislikes that made him what he was; aided, there is no doubt, by that concentration of thought and purpose which his partial blindness forced upon him. This purpose governed his domestic as well as his literary life. He acquired a custom of early rising by compelling his body-servant to strip him of the bed-clothes at a stated hour; and his methodical habits and the measuring of the minutes allotted to using his eye were systematically adhered to, though his temperament naturally prompted him to unrestrained roving of purpose and relaxation of mind. It is singular that, at an early period when he was revolving the idea of entering upon a literary career, he records his intention of taking a subject in Italian literary history, because he would be spared—"what I detest," he adds—the hunting up latent barren antiquities—the very work that he schooled himself at last to live his life in doing. He stood all his days between the fiend and his conscience, and might have been as sorely perplexed as ever poor Launcelot Gobbo was, but for his persistent self-investigation and his clear perception of inherent duty. It is a touching incident of his coming from the morning Sunday service and going to his study, there to look over the record of his shortcomings, to add new ones that troubled him, and to destroy the slips that told the story of those he had eradicated.

It was not a brighter piece of daring for his grandfather to marshal the raw yeomanry of the colony in face of the British regulars upon Bunker's Hill than for a young man of his physical disability to aspire to the credit of a historian, when not yet possessed of any great confidence in his powers of mind and depending chiefly upon what would task his infirmity most—the painstaking of original investigation. "I shall never be satisfied to do my work in a slovenly way nor superficially," he said afterward, when he had made trial of this disability of visual labor; and it is the testimony of so good a judge as Mr. Sparks that his subsequent career has put him in the very first rank among ancients and moderns for depth and accuracy of research. At the time of his resolution he was five and twenty, and knew little outside of the ancient classics, and he confidently put off the hour for first putting pen to paper till he should be thirty-five. This interim was to be filled with study. He loved books, despite his wayward temper. He could not remember when he did not, and he traced long afterward the rise of his literary tastes to wandering at will among the volumes of the younger Adams's library, which had been placed in the Boston Athenaeum during the owner's absence on his Russian embassy. So he was determined that his books should become, and they did become, his "invariable solace." He wondered at Bancroft's giving himself up to the troublesome termagant Politics when he had once coquettled with the muse of history. From his first serious determination to live among his books, he never deserted them; they grew to be his friends; he loved even their adornments; looked upon his well-filled cases with the gratification of a child upon his toys that he hesitates to tarnish, and if one fell he acted as for a baby that had undergone the mishap. His last request was that his body might be placed amid them before it was committed to the tomb.

So he grappled with modern literatures at once. He mastered French, though not with much relish; he liked Italian better, and even thought to select a Roman subject for his study, but was led to open that Spanish campaign he never ended by Mr. Ticknor's antecedent studies in that field. When a new trouble with his eye encountered him at the very moment he had chosen his first great theme, he was not to be discouraged. He was more ready than ever

to meet Johnson's sanguine dictum that blindness is incompatible with historic studies, and was ready to sacrifice what little he had of sight in the trial. So he went to work, doggedly at times, but always determinate, investigating with a thoroughness that surprises; and at last, by a process of using the eyes of others, he practiced his memory to such a degree that he could hold, as it were, in the solution of his thoughts, sixty pages at a time, to be precipitated into the clear glitter of his style whenever he felt ready to use his implement of writing. And when in his last years he found he could only manage forty pages in the like manner, he took it as a sad warning of decay. This was failing, alas, that his persistency could not combat. When racked by pain, he could place his noctograph on the floor and write for hours in position that alleviated it; or when coming to a consideration of the Aztec astronomy, he could master its mathematical demonstrations and find them easier to comprehend than he anticipated, although from his youth he had never believed himself capable of understanding anything within the range of the exact sciences; but his will was impotent before these warnings of his years.

We have hardly space to dwell upon his processes of labor. He early discovered that a theme, constantly in mind, was the only effectual way for profit in reading, and discerned the beneficial advantages of the assimilating habit that bent everything that he encountered to its illustration. It is the secret of content and happiness for me, he says; and once, and the only discovered instance of his succumbing to a fit of vapors, he records his remedy: "Begin to study—the best way of restoring equanimity." And almost the only instance of his indulging in anything like envious yet amiable thought is where he speaks of Agassiz's having assured him that he had given fifteen hours to study the day before, when seven was the average amount he could dare give to work himself. But in these seven he worked with such power of concentration as outweighed the greater space of less practiced minds, subjecting himself to the utmost severity of discrimination. He loved above all things discursiveness, and to range amid the amenities of history. He liked to seek for illustration in the world of ballads, among private chronicles and personal letters, and is indeed among the first of our modern historians who has turned these to account, showing that nothing is so serviceable in painting men and manners. But this tendency only put him to rigorous restraint as in everything else. He had to guard against letting his tastes make him produce memoirs instead of histories. Indeed, in his last work, when age less fitted him to essay the severer style of history, he had a mind that the narrative of Philip's reign should be given in the discursive manner of memoirs; but, though his taste prompted it, his judgment overruled, and he never departed from the dominion of the sterner mistress. This same freedom of treatment subjected him constantly to the penalty of condensing. He understood the labor of it very early in life. In writing to his father, he said, "As I had but little time I thought it best to tell a long story and write it badly, rather than a short one written well," and in after life he tells Bancroft that he longs for his power of putting such an amount of study and meditation into a compact little sentence. It was this censorious estimate of a common looseness of thought and style that led him to the cheap opinion he entertained for periodical criticism—a reputation, it must be acknowledged, it is woefully deserving of in many instances—while it further places him, in one or two instances, in a degree of falsity of position in the present account of his life. Early in his career he had contributed pretty freely to the *North American*, but abandoned the practice on the ground of its want of fairness and the absence of beneficial results for the work considered. He contended that one who had ever done a review could not look his brother critic in the face without laughing; and charged upon the lesser journals, at least, that they habitually shaped their course by the *trade winds*, as he called it. There is too much ground for the charge, doubtless; but we hardly expect of the man entertaining such an opinion, especially as he professedly disregards the attainment of filthy lucre, that he should be so solicitous of the good will of these same critics, and so regard their award as of importance for present success, when he relies on his work's merit to achieve a secure position in the future. It is strange, if they were so demeaning themselves, that he did nothing to prevent such obloquy falling upon his friends, who were ever constant to lead the public in their opinions, by arraying their praises in the leading journals; or, even after these notions had been long entertained, that he should break his own resolution in behalf of his friend Ticknor, and give an analytical estimate of his literary history of Spain—which he was certainly abundantly able to do—in the very review he more than once speaks of a little contemptuously. He does not show that he was at all displeased that Ticknor also took his own hint and engineered a succession of reviews into their places in the learned literary organs of London and Paris. We are sorry that, approaching our limit so closely, we are obliged to leave this the least happy phase of Prescott's character to terminate our review. He acknowledges repeatedly the very learned and favorable notices of his histories, which came from time to time from the most competent hands to throw light upon his own labors, and never to throw it, but to magnify; and it is some-

what surprising that one so uniformly kindly and generous as Prescott was should have allowed himself to utter such sweeping condemnations, as he does more than once, as quoted in this volume.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.*

THIS last attempt (the only one of any popular significance that has yet been made) to write the history of the English stage comes from one who began his literary career in 1822 with writing a melodrama for a London theater, and has been a busy accumulator ever since of the odds and ends of literary and social history. Because of their pleasant diversity, some of his books of this character have been widely read and prized at their worth. They show, however, that a loose and easy way of classifying fragments by some little community of meaning, aided by a love of gossipy discursiveness, may unfit one for any continued insight into general relations. Consequently, his books, though curious as repositories, do not show marks of conquering his subjects, and are chiefly valuable aids to some future and more thoughtful writer. This latest book is just what could have been anticipated from him. He calls it "Annals," and makes it a jumble of dates. He pursues a generalizing scheme with one period and a particularizing one with another. He makes the main narrative of progress a tissue of the acts and consequences of the inferior candidates for fame, thus falsifying the era; and then groups into distinct chapters the glories of the greater names, as if they were apart from and their influence did not permeate the grander record. He now discusses the characteristics of one set of dramatists, and then gives a bare catalogue of another that covers many years. Some of his chapters are mere excerpts from green-room compilations; others are the emptyings of his pigeon-holes, with this or the other label, strung together without thought. Amid such shuttle-work of dates, there is no chance to comprehend the dependence of events upon each other; no gradual dimming of the past and brightening of the future as our interest moves down through the recurring decades till the picture is completed with all the gradations in the mental camera of foreground melting into the remotest distance. With such a hap-hazard way of delineating events, it is not surprising he bewilders himself as well as his readers; for it is certainly inadvertency, and not ignorance, that makes him call Garrick a lad at school before he was born.

Dr. Doran has plainly left the subject open for some historian of the stage yet to come, and the theme invites the widest culture and the largest powers of characterization. Why it has not been worthily done is on some accounts singular, considering the attractiveness of the subject and the opportunities it presents for philosophical comprehensiveness. That no one of the many who have earned a name in this department of letters has dared to resist the temptation can only be accounted for by the unjust prejudice that has so long existed against the profession of an actor, which brilliant examples, like Betterton, Garrick, and Siddons, and the most august associations, like those of Shakespeare, have not been able to eradicate. A churchman will not hesitate to grovel for years among the sickening details of cruelty and crime, and encounter the examples of the vilest lusts, if the subjects of his investigation happen to be sovereigns, soldiers, or legislators, and he may build upon his industry a name among the historians that men shall honor; but let him give a thought to tracing the most interesting of the relations of social progress, in narrating the history of a people's amusements, and particularly that of the noblest kind, as the stage certainly is in an intellectual point of view, and he has defiled the sanctity of his cloth. A recent essayist of that profession deems it necessary to use an apologetical tone in advising his readers not to omit reading some of the lives of actors, as disclosing an interesting phase of life; and Mr. Allibone, in speaking of Genest's "Account of the English Stage," which extends to ten octavo volumes, and for collecting whose materials he is said to have spent his whole life, very uncharitably as well as unadvisedly remarks that he might have made a much better use of his time. If this waste of time is to be judged by the readableness of his work, Mr. Allibone is certainly right; for a more dismal page is hardly presented in English literature than Mr. Genest's, and it has little attractions to seduce the most susceptible of youths from the dryest study of the Pandects or the Hebrew. But he has modestly and indefatigably done the drudgery of the historian's work. A Prescott would have welcomed such a preliminary discoverer in his fields; and had he published, as Mr. Genest has, the bare skeleton of his subject before he clothed them with the flesh and blood of his impersonating power, we might have found the themes as sorry reading as Genest's, and Mr. Allibone might have bewailed his misspent time. Dr. Doran, and every one who undertakes to treat this subject, is under lasting obligations to that man who might have made "a much better use of his time." Such investigators as Genest do not incur the gratitude of posterity, for the same reason that we forget in the fame of Prescott the humble scholars who searched for him the archives of Europe. Without

* Their Majesties' Servants: Annals of the English Stage from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean—Actors, Authors, Audiences. By Dr. Doran, F.S.A. Two volumes. London: Allen & Co. 1864.

that work done for him by others, the American historian could never have achieved his reputation; and unless Genest had compiled, Dr. Doran could never have mastered his subject as well as he has. Although the new historian of the stage does not give a note of authority or reference, it is not difficult to see where his greatest indebtedness lies.

If we run down the list of books that may serve the historian of the stage in his investigations of its manifold relations, we shall be surprised at their number; for it is not merely a chronicle that is required, but a collocation of the various phases of society and literature, that goes to make a good treatment of the subject. Take the last century, or that period of it more particularly while Garrick stood at the head of it—the connecting link that united the English with the Continental drama existence; the exemplar at once in himself of histrionic, dramatic, and social importance—and we judge, from a catalogue before us, that the theme cannot be fully considered unless the writer makes himself more or less familiar with quite a library where the titles foot up something like a thousand. To compass thus much is no mean work; and to compass it rightly will present a picture of life in the eighteenth century such as does not exist, for completeness, in our literature. Dr. Doran's survey of that portion of his subject constitutes a large part of his work; but the treatment spoils it. We go through with it with no definite understanding of this—the grandest part of his chronicle. The mind is led back and forth as he glances from one person to another, and at best we get but a confused notion of a wealth of dramatic interest. Just as we are beginning to arrange the facts and inferences in our mind, we are led back to an anterior age, and, when we fancy we have finished it, we read on to discover a fragment of it set within the limits of a succeeding era. It was an age that was never equalled for multitude and diversity of the supporters of the stage; and if this richness of its illustrating power far exceeded anything that it produced for illustration, it must be acknowledged that only the age of Shakespeare, immeasurably as that is above it, has furnished anything better. We know the paucity of the dramatic productions of that day which have popularly come down to us, and speak advisedly, and not without remembering what was done by the dramatists of the Restoration, and within remembrance of our generation.

Critical and creative faculties rarely coexist in one person, and every age has such a predominance of one or the other as stamps its final repute. The age of Garrick was eminently a critical one; and the great acting for which it was famous, both in himself, in Barry, Sheridan, Macklin, and Quin, in Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Abington, was in the nature of all acting as critical as the age, a running commentary itself on the drama it illustrated. In Shakespeare's time it had but begun to attain this power. The actor was untrammelled by studious comparisons, his costume did not beget curiosity, and there was no scenery to provoke crucial discrimination. The spectators looking for little were satisfied with little, and could be amused by the hour, and took their dinners in the boxes while the play went on. The pit had not come to be synonymous with censorship. Hence there was a spontaneity in the Elizabethan dramatists hardly elucidated since.

Nor was this all. There must be some other reasons why the dramatic pioneers have usually outshone their successors. Such was the case with Æschylus, Corneille, Moliere, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, as well as with Shakespeare. Not that these had no antecedent models, but that they were the earliest to stamp current moulds with perpetuity. The reason we seek is doubtless to be found in the greater freedom of society in their earlier days. Individuality was not lost as now in conventional routine. A man had his humors and was known by them. He was Ben the smith and lived at the sign of the Blazing Forge; to-day he would be catalogued in a directory and his identity lie in a number. Things that particularized him once would mark him now as freakish. What was humor two centuries ago is to-day oddity. This leveling process of society had begun in Garrick's day. Prevailing habits had begun to neutralize character. "It is no less a maxim with the votaries of whist than with those of Bacchus that talking spoils company," said one of the sharpest discerners of that day, and he does not give promise that society of such a kind could give growth to much comedy of an enlivening character; and yet genius like Sheridan's and Goldsmith's could overcome it all; and within or without such society, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Richardson found the basis on which to rear the pillars of the modern novel of character. In fact, it is in this department rather than in the proper sphere of the stage that we mark most particularly the dramatic genius of that day.

The age, however, did not flatter itself upon its stage accomplishments. It seemed to have an intuition that it afforded Garrick and his fellows nothing worthy of their skill. Walpole is constantly satirical upon the contemporary drama, but it invalidates his judgment that he saw nothing but superior merit in the fashionable clique of writers that figured in the *World* and fed his *Strawberry Press*. Goldsmith satirized the mechanical routine of climax and anti-climax. Jonson in loftier phrase laughed in his saturnine

way at the hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow of the modern dramatists. Such were in a large measure the characteristics of the plays Garrick was forced to bring out. Cibber promptly says the public should know the number of bad plays a manager rejects before they balance the account of those he accepts; and many a manager has wished he could put the refuse manuscripts to so creditable use, as Addison humorously supposes, by shredding them for a scenic fall of snow. "So far from refusing plays," said Garrick to those who questioned his preference of the elder dramatists, "the complaint is, I take too many."

He produced an average of two or three pretentious plays—not counting lesser after-pieces, etc.—every season during his management, and if we except the "Jealous Wife," the "Clandestine Marriage," and perhaps one or two others, hardly one survives to-day. The only cotemporary plays in which he acted himself, and which lived with him to his retirement, was Headley's "Suspicious Husband" and Mrs. Sheridan's "Discovery." These two, if we except Aaron Hill's version of one of Voltaire's pieces, were the only ones out of a list of fourteen which he played his last season that had their origin in his day. Of these remaining last performances he went to Shakespeare for four, to Jonson for two, and for one each to Beaumont and Fletcher, Fletcher (singly), Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and Mrs. Centlivre. We believe that more plays were dropped in his time with the first season than survived it, while hardly a sixth part lived after a fourth year.

Alhambra at Sunset." The picture fine in color—afternoon sunshine beautifully given—the whole rich and splendid in effect. Mr. Smilie was represented by a very fine and complete drawing in India ink, after Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains." Mr. Ward, the sculptor, uncovered his large unfinished model in clay of an Indian hunter, one of the grandest of figures, and tremendous in impression of physical force. Mr. Bierstadt sent a picture, well composed and well painted, representing a distant view of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Rogers's studio was interesting, and his statuettes showed the introduction of the picturesque element in the severest of the fine arts—Sculpture. Mr. Loop exhibited three or four little heads, sweet in color and excellent in texture of flesh; Mr. Stone, a very freely handled and broadly painted head of a lady. Gray, McEntee, Huntington, Dana, White, and Lang were represented by characteristic pictures. Kensett, Whittredge, Hubbard, and Vedder did not exhibit.

In conclusion, we would remark that there were many pictures neither good nor bad—pictures "unworthy of praise, undeserving of blame";—what an able critic has felicitously called furniture pictures. Of some of the pictures mentioned above, and of many not mentioned, it may be said they show an absence of physical force, without which no powerful influence can emanate from a work. There is apathy or weakness of feeling, indicating an absence of manliness in the majority of pictures. What we want is vigorous power, a sense of manhood in art. The great merit of Bierstadt's pictures consists in that very element. They do not look as if painted by a woman. We have a right to ask an exertion of mind in every picture, but we expect, we demand physical force and manhood in art that is the product of a masculine soul. If it is essential that in literature we find a man back of each sentence, it is not less an essential in art. It was Mirabeau the man that gave such tremendous force to the words of Mirabeau; and so we must find Mirabeau back of our pictures, if we would revolutionize art and make it a great and irresistible influence. Manliness alone will save our art from the weakness of the pretty.

THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.

BOSTON, February, 1864.

SOME three years ago, I was surprised, on going into one of our print shops, to see on exhibition a head of a man done in granite, which made me shudder to look at. The rough material seemed consonant with the harsh agony of the features, which had removed them as far as possible from that beauty of line in repose that the purer marble so much the more fitly portrays. A little label proclaimed it the work of one Dr. Rimmer, and it was learned that the moulding and the cutting were one mental process. It had been beaten with mallet and chisel out of the rough stone, with no preliminary modeling, and not unlikely, as it looked to me, a certain rude contour in the granite fragment he took to work in may have hinted the conception and kept it steadily before his mind as the laborious process went on. There was a rude muscular twist to the neck, and an agonized contortion on the cast-up face, that gave a rigidness, as if the very stone had thought itself into nearness to life. The sculptor was said to be a physician of a suburban town—one consequently professionally acquainted with the anatomy of the body, and it had often been his habit to illustrate with drawings of his own his surgical text-books. The new granite head, however, "Stephen in the trial of his martyrdom," as it was called, was the first public token of his power.

The head was photographed, and the report is that copies of it sent to the English sculptors elicited words of approval and encouragement. The artist soon set to work in clay, and as he had encountered difficulties of material before, he now sought an obstacle in the subject. I have not seen the work, but it is described as that of a man, a gladiator, felled by a death-stroke on the back of his head just as he was in the act of dealing a blow himself. The problem, then, was to give the needful repose to a figure which was in the act of falling, and the anatomical difficulties of the subject were to disclose the muscular action in a posture that could not be maintained by a living model. Judges I rely upon tell me the problem was worked out, and, when a cast of it was sent abroad, it raised a controversy among the art-circles where it was seen. It was contended that the transatlantic artist had attempted to palm upon them a cast from life as a specimen of his moulding skill. It was, however, suggested among them, that a man might find it difficult to attain the posture and hold it for so delicate an undertaking. Attempts were made at this sort of posturing, and a speedy loss of gravity was the necessary refutation of the alleged imposition. This circumstance told very much in the artist's favor, and was in itself an acknowledgment of his truthful rendering.

EASTMAN JOHNSON exhibited another of his most human and sympathetic pictures, representing a humble mother and child asleep beside the door of their poor home. The child asleep on its mother's lap, a little chubby bit of honest flesh, is most truly and feelingly painted, and the light coming through the half-opened door beautifully rendered. The sentiment of this picture is genuine and strong, and it is, therefore, one of Mr. Johnson's most precious works. But in point of execution, the picture, as a whole, is not up to Mr. Johnson's mark. That is to say, some parts are sketched but not realized. Mr. Johnson, however, has already shown himself a painter of greater range and power than Edward Frere, with whom he is so often and unhappily compared. We are "heartily tired" of that kind of criticism. But when a contemporary writes that "he is the most natural, unaffected, and sweetly serious of our artists, and one of our best painters too," we find words thoroughly good and true, and so felicitous in characterization that we regret not to have written them.

W. J. HENNESSY sent but one picture to the reception; that one, however, was expressive of the artist's individuality, and in some respect, his best work. It may be said to lack confidence and force, but it is delicately painted and most poetical. It represents a girl walking just after sunset. It is called "Under the Pines," and its meaning half sad, half pleasant. We call it Mr. Hennessy's most poetical work, because its suggestions have something of pathos. We regret that the picture is not a little more positive in effect; it is monotonous because of the absence of emphasis in the placing of objects and the rendering of textures. A stronger feeling for the differences of surface of the various parts of the picture would impart more flavor to the work as a whole, and make it one of the most charming pictures we have ever seen in our exhibitions. After all, pictures need what soups, and salads, and men need: they need to be well seasoned; and flatness is as much of a fault as tepidness in tea.

J. G. BROWN, in the two last receptions, gave us good and simple work—pictures in which nature was expressed rather than a story told. They indicate a more healthful relation to child-life than most of Mr. Brown's former works, which represented boys and girls quite devoid of unconsciousness, and possessed of the airs and follies of grown people. All that Mr. Brown needs to vindicate himself is to continue painting simple nature, rendering character as he sees it, not as he fancied it, which, though funny, is also vulgar. Mr. Brown's pictures in the reception were well painted and devoid of pretension or vulgarity.

S. COLMAN'S studio was thrown open, and in it his latest and finest work was on exhibition, a Spanish subject—"Portion of the

art which promises favorably for the advancement of art. With such credentials Dr. Rimmer found a ready entrance into art-circles, and in an informal way it was before long discovered that he could teach as well as execute. Artists of long standing were not unwilling to become solicitors for the demonstrations of his ideas of anatomic art, and he found willing classes, who reported themselves as much gratified with the knowledge they acquired as pleased with the winning and ready skill of the lecturer in imparting it. From this unobtrusive beginning has come a result which promises favorably for the advancement of art.

The Lowell Institute had had a free drawing-school among the number of its gifts to the public for some ten or twelve years past. It has flourished quietly, but not till now has given any sign of making itself distinguished. Dr. Rimmer has been called to act as its professor of art-anatomy, and has taken hold of the classes with a zest that seems to be reacting among his scholars. The scheme has the sympathy of several prominent for art-culture among us; and already the question is agitated if something cannot be done to connect with the institute a school of art of more ambitious tendency than the present arrangement. From the fund of the institute little assistance in this way can be directly obtained. The will of the founder provided that no part of his bequest should be spent for building purposes, and a suitable hall for the classes and the models to be drawn from is much needed before any permanent success can well be achieved. The will also provides that the instructors who may be called to the institute should have furnished for them any apparatus necessary for illustrating their lectures. This will assure the possession of such casts as may be needed, I presume; and it is not at all unlikely that the proprietors of the Boston Athenaeum will be glad to transfer to the keeping of any permanent and creditably conducted academy of art its own collection of marbles and casts. Their library building is becoming already rather contracted for the increase of their books; they have already been obliged to take a part of their picture gallery, and it will not be many years before the statutory room will be required. The expediency of making some such disposition of their art-treasure has

before this been thought of, and will probably take place at some future time, either to this new school or to some other. At present, Dr. Rimmer's classes are enjoying the advantages of it; and they meet in the sculpture room frequently to hear his instruction and to copy under his eye. Temporary rooms have been secured in the studio building, a great improvement on the lecture-hall, which was all the institute could offer, and here Dr. Rimmer's duties will keep him for the present. By provision of the will, his appointment can only last three years—a plan of the founder, probably, to enable the institute to get rid of any instructor who did not improve upon trial. There is inclination to interpret the provision so that nothing may stand in the way of a reappointment; in that case, Dr. Rimmer's services may be considered as permanently engaged. There is further talk of developing the instruction that the foundation provides, into something like a metropolitan university, of which the art-school is but one phase; but I apprehend the progress thus wished for will not be readily made. The original fund, however, by skillful husbandry, has been doubled, and, unless a much larger increase is wished for, the present may not be the inopportune moment for extending the benefits of it.

W.

BOSTON ART NOTES.

BOSTON, February 26, 1864.

VEDDER'S painting of the Sphinx, mentioned in a former communication, has occasioned much criticism and interest here. We spoke of it merely in relation to its suggestiveness, and to a certain mysterious grandeur that the idea, seized as a subject by the artist, has. As others have said: In the spirit and conception of all that artist's works there is something grotesque, terrible, or mysterious; there is also boldness and originality; his fancy has an Eastern tinge—an Arabian Night bias. Could he realize in treatment the accessories of his subjects truthfully, and master the coloring they call for, he would be no doubt a very great artist; but, if by the pictures here he can be judged, he cannot do that yet. In the Sphinx, for instance, the vastness and hot light of the desert are not rendered; and the *seething* appearance of the atmosphere, which even in this climate we sometimes see in a hot street in the dog days, is not given at all. Another fault, even a greater one, is the falsity of proportion between the two prominent objects in the picture—the Sphinx and the Arab kneeling with his ear to its stone lips. On this point, a critic in the *Transcript* wrote a few days ago: "Waiving the fact that from the sand to the top of the Sphinx's head is over sixty-three feet, and assuming for a moment that only the head itself as represented in the picture is visible, the circumference of which is one hundred and two feet, allow me to inquire what would be the height of a man who, while kneeling, could place his ear to the mouth of such a gigantic object?"

It is doubtful whether art in this city was ever fostered with greater interest than at the present moment; indeed, the pulse is rather feverish. The store medium for marketing paintings here is ahead of that in New York. Judging by the walls of the two popular art magazines—Williams & Everett's, and Childs & Jenk's—Boston patrons never purchase in the studios. The gallery of the last named firm is, we think, the richest, most tasteful, and best proportioned room of its size in this country. There is to be found there just now an Autumn Forest by Inness. It is a canvas four by five, we suppose, and is very pleasantly filled with the dun, Indian-summer colored foliage which, after the brilliancy of October, replaces with a Quaker-like hand the scarlets with the brown. The coloring is very excellent; the spirit of such a scene at such a time—the spirit a sigh half of sadness, half of repose—is fully expressed, giving a dreamy interest to the woodland vista.

There, too, is a moonlight effect in a painting by Head, of this vicinity, which we have rarely seen equalled.

In the same store are three of Geo. L. Brown's pictures—one a very full and delightful view over the Pontine marshes to the Mediterranean beyond. Is not the style of this much-admired artist a little too much in *mosaic* or *paper-maché* fashion?

We must speak, too, while alluding to this collection, of a landscape in Pennsylvania by Starkenburgh (W. F. Van), probably the prettiest, most enticing picture in the rooms. All the features and elements but one of a choice bit of landscape are there. The element wanting is atmosphere. The painting wants that as much as a little mouse under the exhausting air-pump wants—it is a sad deficiency in a work that has everything else necessary for success.

At the other art store are several little pictures of the sentimental landscape style by Hunt and Cole. In everything either of these artists do, you see the impress of a loving hand. You do not think, in looking at their paintings first, what will they produce to the artists, but what happiness they must have had in painting them. These are spoken of conjointly because there is a brotherhood of feeling expressed in their landscapes and fancy bits.

A few lines back we were writing of a want of atmosphere. In a small canvas of Hazeltine's in these last rooms, Williams & Everett's, there is its very vitality—the clear, fresh, yes, even salt nature of spray-beaten air on the rocks at Nahant or Newport. Near that is one of the best things we have ever seen of Dana; it is called "Heart's Ease," but having one or two more items to mention, our space will not allow the notice it deserves, as it is a picture that both fascinates and disappoints; its conception and coloring are beautiful, while some of its details are very bad.

An engraving as popular as Millais's "Huguenot Lover," and which, like that, has often, hanging in the street galleries of the despot Canaille, stirred an emotion in the dullest souls, is that of the "Christian Martyrs." The original painting by Rothermel is now on exhibition in the Athenaeum Gallery; we shall speak of it in our next.

ART NOTES.

WHATEVER adds to our knowledge of art enables us to command a more intelligent appreciation of the qualities and characteristics which separate and distinguish the men of our own school from those of the Continent. We shall therefore, from time to time, offer our readers translations and notes from the ablest French art critics on painting in France in the nineteenth century. The work—recently published in Paris—from which the following is taken is called "Les Chefs D'École," by Ernest Chesneau:

EARNEST CHESNEAU ON EUGENE DELACROIX.

(Translated for the ROUND TABLE.)

Eugene Delacroix and Rembrandt are the two most original painters of any and of all times. The parentage of Delacroix is

no more to be sought in Veronese than that of Rembrandt in Correggio. Delacroix has expressed novel thoughts in an admirable language. He rebelled against the narrow tendencies of the school which had succeeded in paralyzing the human figure and face; he gave back to the countenance of man the power of expressing every thought and sensation, and to his body all the attitudes he can assume. Even Delacroix's copies of the Italian masters reveal the secret of his sovereign originality. That originality consisted in an absolute skepticism and contempt for the painters who had come before him. Originality through the use of means unused before is what detached the crowd from Delacroix. He never had more than a few admirers. The majority of people refused him even talent; still more denied that he had genius.

Eugene Delacroix has not been understood in France because he is a colorist; that is to say, because his genius is in direct and evident contradiction to the genius of France, which has placed its ideal in the serene heights of reason, and which is negative, practical, utilitarian, but never poetical. Art and poetry belong to the domain of sentiment, of sensation, of passion, and are seldom found allied to analysis and reason. What French genius seeks is the interest of the subject; and color, the most seducing of all esthetic means, has upon it no hold.

Delacroix has a clear, cold mind, but a soul full of passion and fire. And as the soul of an artist is half in his creations, we find in all Delacroix's works an expression of suffering; they all have a kind of moral incompleteness which painfully reacts on the beholder. Then his haughty independence everywhere appears. Whenever he has undertaken some work under impressions received from Rubens or Titian or Tintoret, his own strong personality has at once asserted itself, and the completed picture was nothing else than one more Delacroix!

We consider Delacroix unique as a painter because his personal talent, haughty and daring, has revealed to us that new look of things which produces in our soul the sensation of the beautiful. As an artist, he seizes the most material of all esthetic mediums, color, and with it produces the impression of an ideal reality. He has ever been true to himself in being a great colorist, exalted sometimes, but ever a man of taste, and gifted with the very highest sense of the picturesque. As a colorist he has no rivals except in the past. He alone has placed that magnificent means of expression to the service of modern ideas. He has interpreted those ideas as no other painter, because he has shared them all.

What is true of a people is mostly true of a man of genius. The religious belief of a people, the soul of a man—we must penetrate into the profoundest meaning of the life of the first, and the work of the second. Eugene Delacroix has an imagination of fire, a strong moral constitution, much of skepticism—these are his moral and intellectual conditions. What may be called the fanaticism of his talent was the cause of his great errors and also of his remarkable and incomparable excellences. To suppress in himself whatever he considered commonplace, and to give a greater extension to the originality of his nature, has been his aim every day. And surely an artist should never be more applauded than when he forsakes common-place conventionalities and inanities. What we find in Eugene Delacroix is amplitude of imagination, fecundity of invention, and excess of *will*. Of a nature pre-eminently nervous, excitable, and full of unrest, he has given us what was in him—wonder, surprise, sorrow, but never persuasion, quietude, or moral well-being. His heart is so much filled with passion and fanaticism that no room remains for what is sustained and peaceful. Eugene Delacroix's genius is that of passion, not of sentiment. Sentiment is not found in his work. What is found there, and expressed with surprising energy, is passion, virile force, and sorrow; and by sorrow we mean that which is personal and not general.

We sometimes best succeed in describing the many sides of a complex individuality by mentioning its opposite. The mind which forms the most absolute contrast to that of Delacroix is Rabelais's. That is to say, a mind expansive, joyous, and possessed with a profound sentiment of and faith in humanity. As a painter, Rabelais would have fixed the attention on our sufferings; he would have awakened our emotion by the very zest of his own gaiety; our vices he would have signaled, and our miseries he would have consoled with his genial laugh. As a writer, Eugene Delacroix, whatever the range of his talents, would have found it hard to make us accept his theories, which certainly would have outreached in skepticism and in harshness those of our bitterest mortals.

If we invoke posterity in favor of Delacroix, it is because, in regard to this artist, whose real obscurities are so amply redeemed through the very effulgence of genius, the nineteenth century seems to have taken to heart to justify the severe words of the American philosopher. "Society," writes Emerson, "is everywhere in co-operation against the virility of its members. The virtue it demands before all is *conformity*. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities or creators, but usages and customs."

Eugene Delacroix bears the mark of the nineteenth century. He alone among modern painters has a mind large enough to reflect, in spite of much imperfection and limitation, that immense social movement which has not yet reached its moral equilibrium. Delacroix has understood all the passions, the unrest, the torments, and the unbelief of his century, and expressed the same in art with utmost force. Delacroix has the audacity of his convictions. He is the first painter who dared withdraw from the heroes of paganism or of the fable their marble mask. He is the first man who has given us a picturesque and modern interpretation of historical antiquity. But Delacroix does not perceive Reality. One may almost say he has never seen, such as it is, a tree, a mountain, a horse, or human face. Nature acts upon him as the keys of a piano act upon its invisible cords. Every form which strikes his vision transfers to his brain a particular vibration. As the instrument is powerful, perfectly attuned, and of a rare sensibility—as it possesses a quality of tone eminently its own, it ever produces an original harmony, but yet a harmony which is not *reality*... Nature reflects itself in Delacroix's brain as in a mirror of a peculiar color. The effort of his whole soul, and of all his life, has been to express faithfully his thought—to make his works reflect the images that dwell in his mind. Therefore, we find that in the range of his pictures impressions have been given rather than what the realist calls facts. He has in all cases interpreted rather than realized; and while he has, so to speak, slighted the body of the fact, he has always conscientiously given its essential spirit.

The *Fine Arts' Quarterly Review* has been received. Hameston contributes a very able and interesting article on "Etching in France." We will give some notes from it next week.

W. G. ROSETTI writes the following on Eugene Delacroix in the *Fine Arts' Quarterly Review*: "The greatest of contemporaneous European painters, such we estimate Eugene Delacroix to have been, died of consumption disorder on the 13th of August, 1863. He was born at Charenton, near Paris, on the 26th of April, 1799; his father being Charles Delacroix Constant, Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory. Having studied under Guseen, he first attracted notice by his picture, bought for the Luxembourg Gallery, of 'Dante and Virgil in the Bark of Phlegyas,' which was exhibited in 1822. Afterward came the 'Massacre of Scio,' the 'Murder of the Bishop of Liege,' the 'Execution of Marino Faliero,' 'Justinian composing his Laws,' the 'Education of Achilles,' the painting of the ceiling of the Gallery of Apollo in the Louvre, 'Medea,' the 'Capture of Con-

stantinople by the Crusaders,' the 'Death of Charles le Téméraire at the Battle of Nancy,' the 'Doge Foscari hearing his Son's Sentence read,' 'Tasso in the Mad-House,' 'Algerian Women in their Apartment,' a 'Jewish Wedding in Morocco,' 'Faust and Valentine,' 'Liberty Guiding the People on the Barricades,' the 'Death of Sardinapalus,' and many other births of genius. These were now superb masterpieces—all fire and impulse; admirably tempered, nevertheless, by a tone of mind as penetrating as it was passionate; now ambitious uncertainties, now clear failures, even irritating to look at. On the whole, Blake's words, 'Not negations of passion, but realities of intellect,' are very applicable to Delacroix's works, the passion and the intellect, the whole form of expression and realization, being, *par excellence*, those of a painter. It was remarked, and he himself never ceased to regret it, that he had worked too much with the brush and too little with the crayon, and that consequently his work fell short of that precision and firmness of drawing which have always been so highly prized by the French school. Delacroix caused a burst of terror among the professional conventionalists and respectabilities of his earlier manhood, among whom his pictures produced the effect of so many bombs. Personally, however, he kept out of the tumult, and almost out of society; suppressed the powers which he was known to possess, of obtaining and commanding an audience, and labored devotedly at his art. He died unmarried, and he has been buried in the Cemetery of Pere Lachaise."

MUSIC.

DEBUT OF MISS HARRIS AT THE ACADEMY.

MISS LAURA HARRIS, an English girl of about seventeen, made a very matter-of-fact sort of success on her first appearance in opera at the Academy of Music last week. Seemingly by general consent, the large audience assisting at the occasion resolved itself into a huge *claque* upon the rise of the curtain before the first act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," an opera which we seldom hear nowadays except when some innocent little warbler is to be sacrificed by its family and friends for the crime of having "a good voice." We say that the house resolved itself into a *claque* because the applause was bestowed indiscriminately as well as zealously, and this resulted purely from the generosity of disposition and good-nature common to New Yorkers. Miss Harris did indeed, in the course of the evening, earn the liberal complimentary allowance awarded her; for example, when she executed her portion of the brilliant concerted number with which the second act terminates, and again during the principal scene of the last act. But had her friends reserved the expression of their enthusiasm until these legitimate moments, the acknowledgment of her vocal worth would have been far more flattering to the *debutante* and creditable to the critical acumen of the auditory. It were greater kindness to withhold approbation until the postulant for public favor has fairly wrung the laurel wreath from our hands, than to force it upon her brow before she has had an opportunity to establish her claims. The well-meant kindness of our public toward actors and singers has encouraged mediocrity and stayed the ambition of men and women capable of attaining higher honors than are in store for them in this younger hemisphere. Long indulgence, while it continually blunts the taste of the community, also leads the victims of it to sudden mortification and disaster. An example to prove this is at hand in the case of Miss Carlotta Patti, whose unfortunate lameness awakened New York sympathy fourfold, and compassion stimulated applause for vocal efforts of the merest clap-trap order. The consequence has been that the poor girl, overestimating her abilities, was entrapped into a business engagement with the adventurer Ullmann, who puffed and trumpeted her throughout England, and finally took her to the Continent. She was introduced with Ullmann's modesty to the solid society of Berlin. The usual salutations being passed, Berlin paused for the presentation of credentials from the New York cantatrice. Carlotta sang, and Berlin actually hissed her off the stage! In commenting upon the occurrence next day, the local critics endeavored to prove that this ungallant act of the *élite* of the city was meant to be a rebuke to the manager rather than a token of disrespect to his singer; but that was merely ironing out the wrinkles a little, for no intelligent audience would ever insult an *artiste* merely to spite an unpopular agent. Elsewhere Miss Patti has also been subjected to expressions of dissatisfaction. This is a matter to be deeply regretted, and our public should be taken to task for having indirectly caused the young lady this humiliation. She is simply the victim of the injurious applause of New York, where her reputation was manufactured. With us hissing is unknown—more is the pity. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" can be read, "Spare the judicious hiss and spoil the artist," with equal truth.

To return to the debut of Miss Harris. The young lady has a soprano voice of medium purity, very light, of standard register, and better in the upper than in the lower portion of the register. It is simply a childish voice, as yet quite undeveloped. What time and study may do toward its improvement is something that cannot be predicted. When Miss Kellogg made her *début*, nobody anticipated for her the success that has attended her constant practice; and Adelina Patti has been fortunate in training her organ in a high degree. Miss Harris may eventually outrank either of these prime donne. But she lacks the vigor and independence, apparently, that is noticeable in both Kellogg and the younger Patti, and, while an apt pupil, we have the impression that she will ever imitate and never originate. However, speculation as to the probable future of opera-singers is quite as unsafe as taking a venture in blockade-running. It will be fortunate for her if her friends bear in mind the long-deferred Carlotta Patti fiasco and seek not to give her a sensation notoriety, the quicker to realize greenbacks for talents in embryo.

DRAMA.

"TAMING A BUTTERFLY."

An adaptation from the French, with the above very taking title, was produced at the Olympic Theater last week. The playbills conspicuously inform us that this adaptation is "new and original," and that it is the work of Mr. Augustin Daly, author of Leah the Forsaken, and Mr. Frank Wood, author of Leah the Forsaken. Hitherto we have been of the opinion that a German dramatist, named Mosenthal, was the author of the play which Mr. Daly calls "Leah the Forsaken." Perhaps, however, the names of Mosenthal and Daly are synonymous; or Daly may be a free translation of Mosenthal, as Leah is of Deborah. Either

of these theories will account for, and perhaps justify, the statements of the play-bill. As for Mr. Frank Wood, he has so often assured the public that he is the author of "Leah the Forsook," that everybody now believes it, except one actor who claims to have suggested the idea, and another actor who insists that he supplied all the best jokes.

"Taming a Butterfly" is an adaptation from Victorien Sardou's three-act comedy, called "La Papillone," and originally produced, we believe, at the Theater Français, Paris. It must be termed an adaptation, and not a mere translation, because Messrs. Daly and Wood have attempted to improve upon the original by mixing in with it a one-act vaudeville, called "Les 37 Sous de Monsieur" Something or other—we forget the French name. Of course Messrs. Daly and Wood have failed in this attempt. It is just as impossible for men of their caliber to improve Sardou's comedies as it would be for them to improve Sheridan's "School for Scandal," or Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." Nevertheless, we are too charitable to blame them for trying, because we know that they were obliged to do so in order to get their play acted. Mrs. Sedley Brown and Mr. Davidge are two very efficient actors in their way, and doubtless Mrs. Wood made it a *sine qua non* that they should have parts in the new piece. This is the business-like view of the subject.

But, on the other hand, we do not blame the adaptors for giving Mrs. Brown and Mr. Davidge such parts as Polydore and Finette. These two characters are represented as man and wife. The husband is old and gray. The wife is young and pretty. They have a daughter, who is impersonated by a Miss Fanny Prestige, and who is very singularly transformed by the adaptors from a little girl in the first act to a woman of twenty in the third act, although the three acts are supposed to take place in a single day. Polydore has a suspicion that his wife has been unfaithful to him, and that the daughter is another man's child. To discover this illegitimate parent is the object of his existence. He therefore drags the poor girl into the presence of every gentleman who enters the house, and compares her eyes, nose, and hair with the eyes, nose, and hair of the visitor, in the hope of finding his wife's seducer through some real or fanciful resemblance. Now this is impossible in fact, and absurd and gross in fiction. We pity the actors who have to play such characters, and the writers who can devise them. To say they are immoral is to say too little. They are simply disgusting.

We hear many anxious inquiries in regard to the reason why Messrs. Daly and Wood have taken such pains to advertise their work as an "original adaptation." Is this an Irish bull or a Bohemian joke? Unfortunately, it is neither. It is an admission of the fact that there has been another adaptation of "La Papillone." We have a copy of this previous version before us. It is called "Taming the Truant; a Comedy in Three Acts, by Horace Wigan." It was brought out at the Royal Olympic Theater, London, on the 19th March, 1863. We have excellent reasons for believing that Messrs. Wood and Daly are pretty familiar with Mr. Horace Wigan's comedy. If they are not, we can only wonder at the curious coincidences which occur in the two adaptations. Messrs. Daly and Wood have translated sentence after sentence, page after page, in the identical words, phrases, and idioms used by Mr. Wigan. Really, this is remarkable. It shows how great minds agree about the smallest things. Here and there are differences in the dialogue, which only make the similarity more astonishing. For instance: Mr. Wigan says, "I shall die with laughing." The more refined Daly and more erudite Wood substitute for this the phrase, "I shall expire with laughter." Mr. Wigan says, "When a man does not run after his own wife, I always suspect him of following his neighbor's." Messrs. Daly and Wood say, "If a man don't follow his own wife, he is sure to follow other people's." With these and a few other verbal exceptions the two translations of the dialogue are as much alike as if the same person had done them both. Was that person Mr. Wigan, or the dramatic Siamese twins, Daly and Wood?

Having said this much of Mr. Wigan's version, it is only fair to add that Messrs. Wood and Daly have not adhered to the former adaptor's changes in the *locale* of the play and the names of the *dramatis personae*. Mr. Wigan shifts the scene to Marlow, England; Messrs. Daly and Wood keep it at Melun, France; Wigan's Mr. Flutter is Daly's Beaujolais; Wigan's Mr. Blush is Wood's Dandrey; Wigan's Captain Pertinax is Daly's Riverol. So on for the rest of the cast. Mr. Wigan omits the character of Morlac, very funny played here by Mr. J. H. Stoddard. Mr. Wigan does not introduce a Polydore; nor does he have an Aminda Sleek in petticoats in his version, as Daly and Wood have a Sister Angelique in theirs. Neither does he retain all the vulgar jokes and add others of the same sort, as the "new and original" adaptors do. In a word, Mr. Wigan's version is an elegant comedy—and it failed. The version of Messrs. Daly and Wood is a three-act farce—a great deal more vulgar than it is long—and as all the ladies in the audience blush, while the males in the galleries scream and stamp their feet, we should not be surprised if it achieved a certain kind of success.

And now let us sum up, briefly, the merits and demerits of the play and the actors. We admit that the piece is full of broad fun and forces plenty of laughter. In this respect, and in several others, it resembles one of Dan Bryant's extravaganzas. We protest against the loose morality of its incidents and its dialogue. We protest against the *double entendres* that Messrs. Daly and Wood have introduced. We protest against the insinuations of vulgarity in the opening part of the play and to the patent vulgarity of some of the scenes in acts second and third. On the French stage much is permitted which cannot be tolerated here, and French actors have a delicate way of saying indecent things which our actors entirely lack. Our criticisms, therefore, are intended to refer to this adaptation and not to the original, in which M. Sardou hits Parisian folly as it flies and transfixes *les papillones* of French society with his sharp satire. As for the actors: Mrs. Wood dresses superbly and acts with all her usual *abandon* and *esprit*, but she disgraces herself and her sex by allowing such a play to be enacted at her theater; Mr. Drew is very vulgar and very funny; Mr. Mortimer is artistic and gentlemanly; Mr. Davidge, in an abominable *rôle*, does as well as he can; Miss Irving dresses like a fashion-plate and acts like a lady; Mr. Clarke keeps his hat on and fires his pistols unnecessarily; and the rest of the characters are well represented. We presume that this piece of nonsense and indecency will have its day, but for the sake of the honor that remains upon the American stage, we trust its day will be very short.

LITERARY NOTES.

AMERICAN.

The "History of West Point," by Captain E. B. Boynton, recently published by Mr. Van Nostrand, is certainly one of the choicest specimens of typography that has ever appeared from a New York press. But a finer illustration still of what can be done here is to be found in the large paper copies of the same work, which are now ready for distribution to the subscribers. Whether we regard the paper, so firm and delicately toned, the clear type, or the clean sharp impressions made by the press, which may safely be submitted to the inspection of a magnifying glass, from any point of view it will be felt that New York publishers and printers, like those of Boston, Philadelphia, and Albany, have set a high standard of art before them, toward which they are making steady progress. A book-case and a center-table filled with the works put forth by American publishers since the commencement of this war would, we think, be looked at with some surprise by the practiced eyes of London and Paris publishers; and this result has been accomplished in the face of unprecedented difficulties, owing to the scarcity of skilled labor in every department of the mechanical arts. Mr. Alford, of this city, Mr. Houghton, of Cambridge, Mr. Sherman, of Philadelphia, Mr. Mansell, of Albany, not to mention others on nearly the same level of excellence, seem to have adopted the wise determination, which will surely lead to eminence, not to rest satisfied with anything they have already done, but to use the best as a starting-point for something higher. These gentlemen will find the American public quick to appreciate their efforts, while publishers will find the difference of price occasioned by superior workmanship cheerfully met by a rapidly augmented class of intelligent book-buyers.

Mr. W. J. Widdleton has in the press, and will soon publish, Dr. Doran's entertaining work on the players, "Their Majesties' Servants," of which we spoke at the time of its publication in England. It will be in two volumes, twelvemo. One hundred and fifty copies will be struck off on large paper, in octavo form, which copies will be illustrated with photographic impressions of the best portraits of the most distinguished players: Garrick, Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, etc. The large-paper edition will no doubt be taken up at once by our book fanciers.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields announce a new volume by the late Henry D. Thoreau, "Rambles in the Maine Woods," "Treasures from the Prose Works of John Milton" (uniform with their edition of Fuller's "Good Thoughts" and Sir Thomas Browne); "Stumbling Blocks," by Gail Hamilton (Miss Abigail Dodge); a second series of "Spare Hours," by Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh; a volume of rhymes by Mr. John G. Saxe, "Clever Stories of Many Nations"; "The Writings of the Persian Poet Sadî," edited by Mr. Ralph W. Emerson; and a new novel from the pen of Miss Harriet E. Prescott.

Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co. have in preparation Henri Martin's "Age of Louis XIV.," and Miss Harriet Martineau's "History of the Thirty Years' Peace." The latter work, which comprises a history of England from 1815 to 1845, was originally written for Mr. Charles Knight's pictorial "History of England." The edition of Messrs. Walker & Wise will contain an original preface by Miss Martineau, and a concluding book, which brings the narration of events down to 1854. It will be published in four volumes, post octavo.

Messrs. Sever & Francis, of Cambridge, announce a new library edition of the works of the late William Makepeace Thackeray, beginning with "Vanity Fair." A good library edition of the complete works of the great English novelist would, we think, meet with great success, the editions hitherto issued in this country not being such as one would care to keep in a library.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have in preparation "Arctic Research, Expedition and Life among the Esquimaux," by Mr. C. F. Hall. Mr. Hall, as those interested in Arctic matters will remember, is a gentleman from the West, who three or four years since added his name to the list of Northern explorers, by his voyage undertaken in search of Sir John Franklin, or his survivors, of which voyage, in 1860, '61, '62, his work is the record. He proceeded from New York to Greenland, where he remained for some time, studying, as one may say, the manners and customs of the Esquimaux, for whom he took a great liking, and of whom he gossips very pleasantly. In the course of his Northern wanderings he came across what he believed to be the remains of a settlement made by old Martin Frobisher, in the days of good Queen Bess, relics from which he brought away with him. He learned from the Esquimaux that a blacksmith's anvil was formerly among these relics, and was used by the strongest of their number to test their strength by; before his arrival, however, it had been thrown into the sea. That it was an anvil, he discovered by the models of it which several of them cut for him in wood. Mr. Hall's volume promises to be the most interesting account of Arctic life yet produced, more interesting indeed than the late Dr. Kane's, from the fact that the writer cut himself wholly loose from civilization, taking up his abode with the Esquimaux, and living with them for many months in their own manner—as one of themselves, in short. His volume will be profusely illustrated with designs by the author.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have also in preparation the *Nile Journal* of Capt. Speke. The April number of their magazine will contain the first number of Mr. Thackeray's posthumous novel, the name of which has not yet been given to the public.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, March, 1864.

I REFERRED in my last letter to the recent Cambridge reprint of Mr. Roundel Palmer's "Book of Praise," and it is deserving of renewed attention because of its thoroughly honest character. There are epithets that one might think gratuitous in their application to such compilations, but those who have interested themselves in the history of hymns know how rarely such an award is deserved by the multitude of these collections. It was my chance to compare, a few years ago, many of the hymns common among a large religious body with us, in an effort to fix upon the uncorrupted texts of some of the sacred lyrics in ordinary use. I first remarked the great diversity among themselves, and especially in hymns borrowed from the repositories of other denominations, which the various editors, in appropriating, had remoulded to their own religious conceptions, and with no great community of language. In other cases, where the original authorities could be

examined, I was surprised at the very marked changes which had often been made, sometimes without a token and at other times with the vague addition of "altered." Rarely the change had perhaps been for the better; but, no matter how good the standing of the editor, the usual chance was that the tampering with another's work had been only to render it worse. Such, in a very marked degree, was the character of a hymn-book in general use, and prepared under the care of Professors Park and Phelps of Andover, gentlemen both who would have scorned an imputation of unfairness in dealing with what they chose to take into their keeping. On further investigation, I found that this marring of the text was begun, in many instances, far back in the life of the hymn, and the changeling seemed to have grown in fame while the other drooped and was forgotten. I found Wesley had been even arrogantly incensed that some of his six hundred products had been meddled with; and he tells them he wishes they would not attempt the mending, for "really they are not able." I was a little surprised, then, to find that he had done this very thing with one at least of Watts', bettering it indeed, but unceremoniously, as in the instance of that beginning "Before Jehovah's awful throne," which very line, by which it is always quoted as Watts', was Wesley's own creation. So, again, Montgomery lays himself open to the same rebuke for complaining of his own suffering in this respect and inflicting the like upon others. Several of the hymns of late years have been compiled by those who were conversant with this condition of affairs and promised a change, in some degree effected, but never wholly. The present volume does not seek acceptance as a congregational hand-book, and, indeed, in some respects is unfitting for such use; but as of correlative use at home, and as a collection future compilers must visit, it has a great value from its approach to accuracy in these respects. Out of the four hundred and more hymns which it contains, the compiler has verified by the original text all but about a sixteenth part, and a share of these were those by American writers whose works he could not get access to. I venture to say this is a far greater success in verification than any of his predecessors have accomplished. It is not to be understood by this that Mr. Palmer has always gone to the originals for his text, since when a hymn has been improved by a second hand, and in this improved state has attained a currency, he has not hesitated to give it the preference, but always noting the joint workmanship in his notes, as well as the omission of stanzas that he deems it necessary in some instances to make.

The prolixity of the lyric muse of religion has been remarkable in all countries, more so doubtless in Germany than elsewhere. Their wealth of this sort from Luther down is something noteworthy. Nearly two hundred years ago some industrious pietist had made a collection of the hymns then attainable, and they numbered nearly thirty-four thousand; a hundred and fifty years ago, they reckoned some fifty-five thousand then in print; and I find the low enumeration of sixty thousand, scattered in some two hundred and fifty hymnals, given for the present estimate. The public have of late years been made familiar with the choicest specimens of this accumulation in various compilations, like the *Lyræ Germanicae* in both series, in the "Hymns from the Land of Luther," and in Richard Massie's translations from Spitta, who has just published, by the way, in England a second series. The first was reprinted here four years ago, as the "Lyræ Domestica," with an introduction and additions by Rev. Dr. Huntington.

There is a marked opposition in the beginnings of the English and German hymnologies. The throwing off the Papal yoke in England was under the guidance of royalty and the ruling classes, and the versions of the psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, and later by Tate and Brady, were alone graciously vouchsafed for the edification of the throngs who followed the footsteps of the head of the Church. It was very different in Germany, where Luther used the spontaneous utterances of his own singing soul as his oriflamme of victory, while the labor of reformation was accomplished by the help of the lower and middle classes. He threw his own energetic spirit into their expressions, little mindful of harmony or easy adaptability to the more fastidious tunefulness of later times. He knew how such rough effusions had served the Hussites and the Albigenes in their sore trials, and a strong though uncouth word, if it have the ring of the sanctuary, he knew could work the results he wished for. There was a mighty conducting power in those clear, sharp cutting hymns of his in that day, when the life of man was so heavily charged with electric spirit. There is no wonder the poor cloth-worker of Magdeburg could marshal with one of them his fallen townsmen, and compel, by its power of uniting sympathy, the very prison gates to turn that had been closed on their brother. Well might the unrecognized Melanchthon be comforted with that little girl's singing of *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott* in the streets of Weimar. This spirit had not departed when the miseries of the Thirty Years' War were near overpowering Rist, till he finds consolation in the "dear cross pressing many songs out of him."

There was nothing of this fervor in England till the royal protestation begat its reactionary disquietude among the people, which led in turn to Independence and Nonconformity. We all know how this fight for religious freedom was fought; how the harp was struck and the clarion sounded by God-fearing men; how Wither earned the meed of John Winthrop's "our modern spirit of poesy," and expiated his boldness within a prison, while the Puritan lawyer sought his liberty in New England. The complicated meters and fantastic language of these earliest of English hymnwriters unfit them for modern worship; or if used, like Herbert's Sabbath hymn, they are not easily recognized in the adaptation necessary. But they furnished in their uncouth way the spirit and fervor which later writers have only moulded into fitter shape. So again in the next century, the anti-Episcopal spirit found its flowering in Watts, the earliest to break the almost supreme influence of Tate and Brady, and as so often happens with literary pioneers, to attain at once a position, where he has hardly since been assailed, for Watts is the only distinctive hymn-writer who took and has held a rank in the various collective editions of the British poets. Then came the outgrowth of this commonwealth of religious feeling in Wesley and his followers. They were indefatigable song-singers to the Lord. It is computed there were at least two hundred of them collaborating with him in this work. Charles Wesley's hymns alone number six hundred; and Doddridge, Batty, Cennick, Hart, Steele, and Toplady each produced a volume of themselves. It was not till the opening of the present century that this hymnological success inspired the poets within the pale of Episcopacy. Montgomery was about the first of importance to illustrate with the spirit of song the Prayer-book of the Church; and he has found worthy successors in Heber, Milman, Kebel, Neale, Alford, and others. Bishop Mount set the fashion of searching the Latin Breviary, and so many have followed him in his retrospective idea that I find it stated that within the last thirty years the Anglo-Latin hymns added to collections equal the new originals in number; within this same period another authority

put the number of new hymnals at about two hundred. Of the Psalms themselves there are counted thirty-two different complete metrical versions, and in Holland's "Psalms of Britain" there is a list of one hundred and fifty versifiers, who have undertaken partial renderings of them, and this number is doubtless far from including all.

I may add, in this connection, that Ticknor & Fields now announce two new contributions to this kind of composite literature. The first, "Hymns of the Spirit," is a compilation by the Reverends Samuel Longfellow and Samuel Johnson. It is not wholly a new book, but one based upon a former collection by the same editors, which had been widely used among Unitarian churches, and the present will doubtless embody the experience of the interim since the other was published. The same publishers have nearly ready a like volume, which will be more acceptable to the evangelical religionists, "Church Pastors; Hymns and Tunes for Public and Social Worship, collected and arranged by Nehemiah Adams, D.D." It will contain nearly 1,000 hymns and upwards of 400 tunes.

With the same imprint comes out this week the book on Egypt, by Mr. Clark, that I wrote of last December. It is a choice production of the University Press, equally fine with the Prescott biography, and in the press-work, in the opinion of some, even finer. The only respect in which a critical taste would wish it better, would be in the substituting of the modern and far more graceful type for that gaunt old-fashioned letter which of late it has been so much the custom to employ. It has really nothing to recommend it but its antiquity, and that is a drawback without the proper associations. Twenty years ago and more, Pickering used to gratify the scholarly taste by using it in reprints of Bacon's essays and similar old-time books, and there it was not objectionable, but fitted the rather quaint, and sometimes a little awkward phraseology, as it seemed to modern notions. It is about twelve years, I think, since some of the newspapers, seeking for novelty to attract the eye to advertisements, used it in that department of their sheet. Thence, of a sudden, some of our publishers put their books into it; the fashion took, as anything new often will, and now it has got so that it is hardly an exception to see it, and this despite the verdict of critical tastes, which has always been against it. The artistic eye for proportion and ease of form has always preferred the accumulated skill of years as it had perfected itself in the modern fonts. It is to be hoped the mania will not last much longer; but that its acceptability is waning is not assured by finding the two most beautiful of our recent books, the Prescott and this "Daleth," in it.

It is refreshing to come back to old standards of taste now and then. There has been of late years such a rivalry for novelty of binding that we turn with satisfaction to one of those good, wholesome brown-cloths that Ticknor first made his reputation with. One always associates their original issues of the favorite poets among us with it. They have just gladdened my sight with putting it upon a reprint of such of Browning's poems as they had not on their list before, such as Sordello, Strafford, Christmas Eve, and Easter-Day; and this preparatory completion of his works is in anticipation of an entirely new volume of his poems which they now have in press. I shall speak of this more at large another time.

W.

FOREIGN.

The last arrival of English papers brings us intelligence of the death of Miss Adelaide Anne Proctor, the poetess. The day on which she died is not mentioned, nor the sickness which caused her death; but it was probably consumption, reports of her declining health from that insidious disease having from time to time reached us. Miss Proctor, as most of her readers are aware, was the daughter of Mr. Bryan Waller Proctor, better known as "Barry Cornwall"—one of the oldest, as he certainly is one of the sweetest, of the living poets of England. The fact that she was "Barry Cornwall's" daughter, we have always thought, was of great advantage to her when it was known that she wrote verse. It gave her admittance into the best journals and magazines, and inclined the hearts of her critics to mercy. Not that Miss Proctor did not write well—she did from the beginning—but that her poems were not so superior to the poetical writings of other English poetesses as to justify the reputation which they at once procured for her. She may have written at an early period, but she reached womanhood before she began to publish. Her first efforts were in the shape of translations for the works of her friend, Mrs. Jameson. A little later she began to print in *Household Words*. Her first collection, "Legends and Lyrics," was published in 1858; her last, "A Chaplet of Verses," in 1862. Between these two volumes there was a second series of "Legends and Lyrics" the date of which has escaped us. These three volumes of Miss Proctor were consolidated into one by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and published during the past year in their favorite "blue-and-gold" series of poets.

Miss Proctor's poems are all short and fall under the head of occasional verses. Their chief characteristics are sweetness and elegance, and a vein of tender thoughtfulness which, in the last years of her life, ran into the fervors and exaltations of the Romish Church of which, we believe, she was a member. The impression which her poetry leaves upon the mind is like that which certain flowers leave upon the sense; the aroma is sweet, but faint in the extreme. The poem by which she is best known is probably "A Woman's Question;"

"Before I trust my fate to thee."

Miss Proctor's age is not mentioned in any of the obituary notices that we have seen. Should the reader be curious in the matter he may arrive at some conclusion by re-reading the poems below—the loving greetings of her noble old poet-father:

TO ADELAIDE.

"Child of my heart! My sweet, belov'd First-born! Thou dove, who tidings bring'st of calmer hours! Thou rainbow, who dost shine when all the showers Are past, or passing! Rose which hath no thorn, No spot, no blemish—pure and unforlorn. Untouched untainted! O, my Flower of flowers! More welcome than to bees are summer bowers, To stricken women life-assuring balm. Welcome—a thousand welcomes! Care, who clings Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold. New life springs upward, and the bright world seems Cast back into a youth of endless springs! Sweet mother, is it so? or, grow I old, Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams?"

"November, 1825."

GOLDEN-TRESSED ADELAIDE.

"A SONG FOR A CHILD.—(1831.)
Set to music by the Chevalier Neucomm."

"Sing, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear!
Neither sad nor very long;
It is for a little child.
Golden-tressed Adelaide!
Therefore, let it suit a merry, merry ear,
Mother dear!"

"Let it be a merry strain,
Mother dear!
Shunning e'en the thought of pain:
For our gentle child will weep,
If the theme be dark and deep;
And we will not draw a single tear,
Mother dear!"

"Childhood should be all divine,
Mother dear!
And like endless summer shine;
Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
Bright as Agnes' azure eyes:
Therefore, bid thy song be merry: dost thou hear,
Mother dear?"

Peace to the memory of Adelaide Anne Proctor, and consolation to the heart of her father, dear old "Barry Cornwall!"

The February number of the *Cornhill Magazine* contains, in addition to the Thackeray "In Memoriam" by Mr. Dickens, and a hearty and genial paper on the great novelist by Mr. Anthony Trollope, the following poem, which the English papers attribute to Lord Houghton (Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes):

HISTORICAL CONTRAST.

MAY, 1701: DECEMBER, 1863.

"When one, whose nervous English verse
Public and party hates defied,
Who bore and handled many a curse
Of angry times—when Dryden died,

"Our royal abbey's Bishop-Dean*
Waited for no suggestive prayer,
But, ere one day closed o'er the scene,
Craved, as a boon, to lay him there.

"The wayward faith, the faulty life,
Vanished before a Nation's pain;
Panther* and Hind* forgot their strife,
And rival statesmen thronged the fane.

"O gentler Censor of our age!
Prime master of our ampler tongue!
Whose word of wit and generous page
Were never wrath, except with Wrong.

"Fielding—without the manner's dress,
Scott—with a spirit's larger room,
What Prelate deems thy life his loss?
What Halifax erects thy tomb?

"But, may be, He—who so could draw
The hidden Great—the humble Wise,
Yielding with them to God's good law,
Makes the Pantheon where he lies.

"New aw have n't mi family under mi hat,
Aw've a wife an' six childer to keep eawt o' that;
So awm rayther among it present yo' see,
Iv ever a fellow wur puzzled, it's me!"

"Mony a toime i' ml' loife aw've seen things lookin' feaw,
But never as awkward as what they are new;
Iv there isn't some help for us factory folk soon,
Be kind, an' be tender to th' needy an' poor,
An' we'll promise when th' toimes mend we'll ax yo' no moor."

Elsewhere he says, with a kind of grim humor:

"You Yankees may think it rare fun,
Klickin' up sich a shindy o' th' globe,
Confound 'em, aw wish they'd get done,
For they'd weary eawt th' patience o' Job!"

We certainly are a great trial—to the English. Among recent deaths in England we notice that of Miss Lucy Aikin, at the age of eighty-one. She was the daughter of Dr. John Aikin and the niece of his sister, afterward Mrs. Barbauld—a pair of literary worthies who, in the last century, made a pleasant little reputation by their joint work, "Evenings at Home." Miss Aikin's latest work was a "Life of Addison," which was published about twenty years ago.

Mrs. Mary Howitt will shortly publish a new novel entitled "The Cost of Caer Gwn."

The Countess de Gasparin has a new work in the press. Dr. Humphrey Sandwith, C.B., author of "The Siege of Kara," is about to publish "The Hekim Bashai; or, The Adventures of Giuseppe Antonelli, a Physician in the Turkish Service."

Mr. E. B. Eastwick, late Charge d'Affaires in Persia, and an oriental scholar of good repute, has in press the "Journal of a Diplomat's Three Years' Residence in Persia."

Mr. Andrew Bisset is announced as the author of a forthcoming historical work, "The History of the Interregnum from the Death of Charles I. to the Battle of Dunbar."

Prof. Sybel will soon be introduced to the English public by a "History of the French Revolution from 1789-1795."

The French Institute has lost largely by the death of its members during the past year. Two great artists no longer occupy chairs therein—Horace Vernet and Eugene Delacroix—while authors of all sorts have vacated theirs, giving place, let us hope, to better men. The most noted of the latter are, Alfred de Vigny, the poet; Leon de Wailly, the translator of Shakespeare and Scott; Lucien Arnault, a poet; Madame Dutertre (*sic!* Baroness of Coriolowitz), authoress of novels and dramas, and laureate of the Academy for her translations of Klostock and Schiller; Charin, dramatist and song-writer; Nicole, Vaudevillist; Jean Renaud, *litterateur* and philosopher; and A. de Goy, the translator of Mr. Charles Dickens. Among other foreign authors who have died in the course of last year are, Dryodyne, Hungarian poet; Francisco Antuna de Figueroa, national poet of the Republic of Uruguay; Galvaz Amaldi, a Spanish dramatist; Miniszewsky, a Polish *litterateur* and journalist, who, having forsaken the national cause, fell by the Secret Tribunal; Teobaldo Cicconi, a Venetian poet; Louis Olona, a Spanish comic writer; Alexander Soutou, a Greek poet; Mary Gordon (Alexandra Bergen), dramatic authoress, and translator of many French and English dramas into German; Friederich Hebbel, the German dramatist; Ventura de la Vega, of Madrid; Moser, a German poet; and Johannes Sporschil, the German historian.

M. W. Raymond's last contribution to the literary history of France is entitled "Cornille, Shakespeare, et Goethe: Etude sur l'Influence Anglo-Germanique en France au XIXe Siècle." It is published at Berlin, as is likewise his former work, "Etudes sur la Littérature du Second Empire Français," which is not allowed to enter France.

A French "Notes and Queries" has just been started in Paris. Its title is "L'Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et des Curieux."

A new and probably curious Catholic work is announced as being in the press: "Notre-Dame de France depuis l'Origine du Christianisme jusqu'à nos jours."

The Florentines are preparing for the great centenary commemoration of Dante which will be held a year from this coming May. They have commenced the publication of a journal devoted to Dante matters, (*esclusivamente dantesco*), which will be published thrice a month, and will be continued till June, 1865, under the title of "Giornale del Centenario."

Paolo Franchi, an Italian poet, has been engaged by Madame Ristori to write a drama for her. The subject is to be Henrico VIII., and she intends to play, it is said, all his five wives!

A Spanish translation of Mr. Renan's "Vie de Jésus," by M. Frederico de la Vega, has just been published at Paris.

M. L. Davosius de Pontès has two new works in press: "Notes sur la Grèce" and "Etudes sur l'Orient," the latter with an introduction by M. Jacob, the bibliophile.

M. Alexandre Weill will at once publish "Justinien de la Presse suivie d'une Loi fondamentale sur la Presse."

Two new additions have recently been made to the Renan literature: "La Vraie Vie de Jésus, seconde instruction pastorale, by Mgr. Plantier," and "Lettres à M. E. Renan, à l'occasion de son ouvrage institué Vie de Jésus, par M. L'Abbé Bourgade."

M. Francis Mounier is announced as the editor of "Alcuin et Charlemagne, avec de fragments d'un Commentaire inédit d'Alcuin sur Saint Matthieu et d'autres pièces, publiées pour la première fois."

M. Thalès Bernard has in press a volume entitled "Listette de Béranger."

M. de Lamartine is announced as the author of three studies or éloges on "Fénélon," "Jacquard," and "Héloïse et Abélard."

M. Antoine de Latour is the author of "Etudes Littéraires sur l'Espagne contemporaine."

"L'Autographe" is the title of a new French publication, the object of which is to present fac-similes of the handwriting of all the political, civil, military, bureaucratic, literary, scientific, dramatic, artistic, musical, and conversational celebrities of France, past and present. It is edited by MM. de Villemant and Bourdin, formerly of *Figaro*, and is published twice a month.

Here is a translation from its pages of Garibaldi's address to his soldiers after the taking of Rome:

"July, 1849."

M. Dumanoir, the dramatist, gives this bit of copy-book morality: "Cowards are ever the friends of the wicked."

V. Broglie's contribution runs: "My name is not worthy to figure in a collection;" to which George Sand says, "Nor mine;" to which Eugenie Sue says, "Nor mine either;" to which Viennet very properly remarks, "Oh, triple pride!" to which Paul Féval, the real author of the drama known in London as the "Duke's Motto," adds, "Say quadruple, and say no more about it."

Here is more outrageous modesty. Thiers, being asked to contribute, sends:

"I know not what to say, and I avow it!—A. THIERS."
On which M. Emile de Girardin remarks, "Oh, Bavard!"

The "Lancashire Rhymes" of Mr. Laycock, says one of his critics, are songs or stories of the life of the factory hands, clothed in the homeliest dialect, and in verse of which the only beauty is its rugged truth and simplicity. "Mr. Laycock busies himself and his readers with the circumstances and work of the Manchester of to-day. What is nearest to the thoughts of a striving mill-hand, in or out of work, is the home and the daily life of himself and his family. His history is bound up, not with the deeds or the habits of his forefathers, but with the machinery and the materials which provide him labor and maintenance, and with the masses of similarly situated human beings who are laboring alongside of him." The best proof that verses marked with the sterling homely strength of Mr. Laycock's "Lancashire Rhymes" do find their way to the heart of the Lancashire weaver, is to be found in the fact that forty thousand copies of these particular poems had been sold in single sheets before the author collected them into a volume."

Here is one of Mr. Laycock's "Rhymes," the complaint of a Lancashire weaver, thrown out of employment, it would seem, by the American war and the consequent failure of the supply of cotton:

"Confound it! aw ne'er were so woven afore,
Mi back's welly broken, mi fingers are sore;
Aw've been starin' an' rootin' among th' Shurat,
Till awm very near gotten as bloint as a bat."

"Every toime aw go in w'l' mi cuts to owd Joe,
He gies mi a cursin, an' bates mi an' o';
Aw've a warp I' one loom wi' both selvedges mar'd,
An' th' other's as bad for he's dress it to' hard."

"Aw wish aw wur fur snuff off, eawt o' th' road,
For weavin' this rabbitch awn gotten root stowd;
Aw've nowt! this world to lie down on but straw,
For aw've only eight shillin' this fortnit to draw."

* Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster.

Well may Salvandy, the Ex-Minister of Public Instruction, say, *épropos* of the above:

"And these are the two men of our day who possess the most extraordinary fecundity of ideas. M. Emile de Girardin promises us one a day; M. Thiers, without promising, gives us a thousand. They were in a niggardly humor when they wrote the above!"

The handwriting of Lamartine is small and delicate as that of an excitable and impressionable woman. His contribution runs:

"Borné dans sa nature, infini dans ses vœux,
L'homme est un Dieu tombé qui se souvient des Dieux."

Here is an idea of Leon Gozlan's, singular and clever enough to deserve reproduction:

"Being rather mad, I have always attached to every shade of sensation I have experienced, the notion of color. Thus, to me, piety is of a tender blue; resignation, pearl-gray; joy, apple-green; stiety, the color of *café-au-lait*; pleasure, velvet-rose; sleep, the hue of tobacco smoke; reflection, orange; ennu, chocolate; the unpleasantry of paying a bill, lead-color; receiving money, a bright red; rent-day, burnt sienna—a villainous color. As to happiness, that is a color I know not.—LEON GOZLAN."

While on the subjects of autographs, we may mention the prices which several brought at a recent sale in Paris: Henry IV., to the Marshal de Bouillon, 128 francs; a letter from Tasso, 125 francs; Sully to Louis XIII., 111 francs; Henry VIII. to Madame de Ferrié, 276 francs; James II. to the Counte de Lauzun, announcing his departure from England, 51 francs; J. J. Rossean, 32 francs; Diderot to Garrick, 86 francs; Scott, 42 francs; Alfieri, 36 francs.

The "Life of M. Victor Hugo" has reached the sixth edition. The only English edition of it, we believe, is the one which was published in this city by Mr. G. W. Carleton.

M. de Lamartine is said to have realized \$80,000 last year from one of the lotteries established for his relief. Another is on the *tapis*, and its tickets, which cost only five sous, are in every tobacco and stationery window; when it is drawn, he will receive \$120,000. The latest report concerning him is that he is about to saddle a Russian princess with his debts.

Dante and Savonarola are to have statues erected to their memory at Florence.

Joost van der Vondel, the greatest poet of Holland, receives an ovation every year from his countrymen, by the representation of his "Gysbrecht van Amstel." A monument, for which the whole nation has contributed, has been erected to him at Amsterdam, and will shortly be uncovered, attended by the festivities usual on such occasions. It is expected that Cologne will take an active part in the celebration which Holland is preparing for the memory of its Shakespeare.

A new journal, of the *Ledger* order, is about to be started in Germany. It will be called the *Roman Zeitung*, and published weekly; at least thirty-one volumes of novels will be published in it during the twelvemonth. Of the novels promised in the first year, the chief are, "German Variations," in three volumes, by Professor Bodenstedt (who, by the way, has lately received the Maximilian order); "Prince Eugene," by L. Mühlbach, the feminine James of Germany; with other fictions by Jacob Corvinus, Hesekiel, Ran, Ring, Hermann, Schmid, and others. A new comic paper is also announced under the name of *Mixpikle*.

At Altona there has just appeared, as "Supplement to Goethe's Works," "Juristische Abhandlung über die Flöhe (*de pulibus*), Von Johann Wolfgang Goethe." As far back as 1839 an edition of the original Latin text and German translation was published at Berlin, also with Goethe's name, which gave rise to Von der Hagin's paper on the subject, reprinted in the fourth volume of "Germania," in which it is shown that the work originally appeared anonymously at Marburg, in 1635, more than a century before the birth of Goethe.

Mr. Henry Morley, known to American readers by his charming Biography of Bernard Palissy, the Potter, has just published a large octavo, entitled "English Writers; comprising the Writers before Chaucer, with an Introductory Sketch of the Four Periods of English Literature." Complete in itself, and enriched with a copious index, it forms the first of a series of three volumes, each intended to be equally complete, and the whole to form a History of the English Language and Literature. From Mr. Morley's antecedents as a writer, which are those of a careful, painstaking scholar, we anticipate an excellent and standard work. We trust he will bring it down so as to embrace the literature of the present time.

Mr. Thomas Wright, the well-known antiquary and scholar, has recently published a posthumous work by his grand sire, "The Autobiography of Thomas of Birkenshaw in the County of York," (1736-1797.)

Mr. G. H. Lewes has in press a new philosophical work, "Aristotle; a Chapter from the History of Science, including Analyses of Aristotle's Writings."

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, a grandson, we believe, of the Hazlitt, has lately edited a curious Shakespeare volume, the "Hundred Merry Tales," out of which Beatrice was said to have had her wit. This unique old "Joc Miller" was a lost book till the fragment of it now extant was picked up from a book-stall by the Rev. J. J. Conybeare. "A. C. Mery Tales" was first printed as a folio of twenty-four leaves, by John Rastell, about 1525. The leaves of more than one copy of this edition were used by a binder while they were new as material for the pasteboard of another volume, which volume was the cause of their being preserved to us; for, though the "Mery Tales" were reprinted at various times in the 16th century, the copy thus rescued was the only one extant, till it was reprinted some years ago for private circulation, by the late Samuel Weller Singer, together with the "Mery Tales and Quicke Answers." Of the latter, only two old copies are extant—one printed about 1535, in quarto, by Thomas Berthelet, containing one hundred and fourteen anecdotes; the other in twelvemo, printed in 1567, by Henry Wykes, and containing twenty-six new stories. Mr. Hazlitt, whose specialty in authorship is old English literature, has annotated these old jest books, and reprinted them in an elegant little volume.

"The Queens of the Foot-Lights" (*Les Reines de la Rampe*) is the title of an entertaining volume by MM. L. de Montchamp and Charles Mosson. It contains memoirs, more or less accurate, of ten of these royal ladies: Marie Desmares (*Molière's Le Châmpagne*), Adrienne Le Couvreur, Claire-Josèphe-Hippolyte-Leris Clairon de la Tide (better known as Clairon), Marie Françoise Dumeunil, Catharine Josephine Radin (whose stage name was Duchesnois), Georges Weimar (Madame Georges), Anne-Françoise-Hippolyte Mars, Rachel, Félix, Madlle. Pauline-Virginie Déjezet, and Amélie Thomase Delauney Dorval. The life of the latter, who was loved by the poet Alfred de Vigny, was a sad, wild dream. The Revolution of '48 brought her to want, and, worse still, witnessed the death of a favorite child, by her third husband, Luguet, an actor belonging to the *Palais Royal*. The death of this boy, in the May of that year, at the age of four and a half, drew from her this despairing cry, in the shape of a letter to the author of "Lelia":

"I have lost my boy, my George! Did you know it? But you could not know the profound, irreparable grief which I feel. I know not what to do, what to believe! I cannot understand how God takes from us creatures so dear! I would pray to Him, but I find only rebellion and anger in my heart. I pass my life over

his little tomb. I would, but I can no more, love my other children. I have sought for consolation in books of prayers. I have found nothing which speaks to me of my situation, and of the children whom we have lost. Is it necessary to thank God for so frightful a misfortune? No—I cannot. Jesus himself, did he not cry, 'My God, why hast thou forsaken me?' If that great spirit could doubt, what can become of us creatures? Ah! my dear, how unfortunate am I! He was my only happiness. I believed he was my recompense for having been a good creature, and thoroughly devoted to a family, the charge of which was very dear, but also very heavy on my poor shoulders. I was so happy! I envied no one anything. I strove with courage in a hateful profession, in which I did my best, and when illness did not prevent me, with the idea of making all my world around me happier. The revolutions—all Art lost—still we were happy. Our poor little ones made barricades; sang the 'Marseillaise'—the cries of the streets doubled their gayety. Well, then! some days later the very same noises doubled the convulsions of my poor George. He had fourteen days of agony. For fourteen days we were on the cross. He fell at our feet on the third of May. He gave up his little spirit on the sixteenth of May at half-past three in the afternoon."

The sequel to this great sorrow of the poor actress is thus related by M. Alexandre Dumas:

"One day Dorval, having gone out in the morning, remained from home the entire day. The fears of her children during the hours of her absence may be guessed. At last, toward eight o'clock in the evening, she came home, greatly agitated. Luguet timidly asked her some questions, but they saw directly that there was a secret which she would not tell. From that moment forward this absence happened daily, and as every day she went out and returned at the same hour—in a household the strength of which was worn out—they habituated themselves to this absence, which gave the family a little calmness. Further, it was thought that Maria passed all this time in some church. One evening, however, she came home ill, shivering violently and coughing frequently. Luguet examined her attentively, and perceived that her clothes were drenched. Heavy rain had fallen during the day, and it was mid-winter. Where had she been while this rain had been falling, which had so entirely saturated her garments? It became a matter of anxiety. Luguet determined to know where she went. He did so on the morrow, it needing but to follow her. She had bought a camp-stool. She had fixed to the railing which surrounded little George's tomb a heavy chain and a padlock, and every morning in winter, during the rudest months of the year, she went thither and installed herself there with her Bible and a piece of embroidery. And when passers-by, who heard her groan, would ask the keepers of the cemetery, 'What is that?' they would get for answer, 'It is that poor Madam Dorval, who is weeping for her little child.'"

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THIS society held their February meeting on Tuesday, the 22d ult., at the house of the first vice-president, Thomas Ewbank, Esq. The chair was taken by the president, George Folsom, LL.D. The corresponding secretary, George Gibbs, Esq., read letters from several distant members, and informed the society that he had prepared a paper on the progress of ethnology in the two last years, which he will read on a future occasion. He laid on the table all the correspondence of past years which he has collected, filed in order.

The recording secretary noticed several subjects thought worthy of attention.

Histories of two of the corresponding members of the society have been given in the newspapers. M. Du Chaillu, the enterprising traveler in Africa, and the first capturer of the gorilla, was at Fernando Vaz in October last, proposing to make a third journey of exploration into the interior. Dr. Livingstone is reported to have been killed in the vicinity of Lake Niassa, but the report is doubted.

The discovery of a pyramid in some part of California has been reported, without much appearance of probability, concerning which information is desired. It is said to be made of stones about six feet long.

Dr. Koëlle, an English missionary on the west coast of Africa, who has published several books on African languages, has recommended that, in teaching ignorant natives to read, only *one set of letters* should be employed, for the sake of simplicity, the capitals being omitted. The ancients generally used only one set.

An original mode of conversation.—A recent English paper gives an account of an interesting and ingenious way of intercommunication practiced some years ago by a party of native Christians, who had been driven from Madagascar, and at Algoa Bay met with Africans who had been instructed by Dutch missionaries. They were ignorant of each other's languages, but directed attention in turns to such passages in their Bibles as contain sentences which they wished to express, beginning with the eleventh chapter of Genesis, which contains the account of the confusion of tongues.

Chickamauga and its neighborhood were the seat of the first mission to the Cherokees about fifty years ago. It was then called Brainerd. Missionary Ridge still retains its name.

Lt.-Col. Raasloff, Danish Minister, laid on the table a book entitled "Denmark and Germany since 1815," published in London in 1862, with maps showing the claims of both parties on Sleswig Holstein.

Mr. Ewbank invited attention to the pamphlet entitled "Instructions for Research into the Ethnology and Philology of America," prepared by Mr. Gibbs and published by the Smithsonian Institution. It is well adapted for use in making investigations of all kinds and for writing unwritten languages by persons having opportunities: a large selection of words judiciously chosen being given in English, French, Spanish, and Latin, with blank pages to be filled up.

The vocabularies of the *Chinook language and Jargon*, by Mr. Gibbs, were also exhibited by Mr. Ewbank, on which the author gave some interesting information.

A large sheet, published by Dr. Macgowan, in China, in the Chinese language, with illustrations, was exhibited by Mr.

Ewbank. It gave the Chinese their first familiar explanations of the cause of eclipses.

Mr. Ewbank exhibited also photographs of the late secretary of the society, Professor Turner, and of the Hon. Mr. Lisboa, the Brazilian Minister.

Mr. Gibbs read a valuable paper on the Indians in British America, by Dr. Kirby, Chaplain of the Hudson's Bay Company. Thanks were voted to the author.

Dr. Wilson, in compliance with a request by the president, informed the society that the Iroquois, or Six Nations of New York Indians, are soon to send a delegation to Washington, to ask for a just return for valuable lands of which they have been deprived. They have in their possession a wampum belt, presented to the nation by General Washington, while President of the United States, and have preserved the words which their "Great Father" spoke on giving it. The Chiefs have been consulting on the subject, and have concluded that the people of New York are their brothers, or at any rate the successors of their ancestors, and that they are just and faithful, and would wish that the people of the Six Nations should receive their rightful dues, if they were informed of the circumstances. It has been thought that if a meeting of the citizens of New York were first held, and an expression of their judgment and wishes were made, after considering the case, the effect in Washington would be favorable. The principal chief of the Iroquois, the aged Harry Webster, has lately died, and a grand council was to be held at Onondaga, on the 24th February, to choose his successor, soon after which the delegation is to come to New York. The belt above mentioned is white, representing peace; and bears the figures of thirteen men, each representing one of the old thirteen United States.

On motion of Judge Daly, a committee of five members of the society was appointed to provide for a meeting at the Historical Society's building, to hear the Iroquois delegates explain their cause, recite the history of Washington's wampum belt, and repeat the words with which he accompanied that pledge of our national faith.

The committee consists of Judge Charles P. Daly, Theodore Dwight, George Gibbs, Dr. John Torrey, and Dr. J. K. Merritt. The president was added by a vote of the society.

Mr. Raasloff was requested to communicate anything which he might have learned during his visit to China, as envoy from Denmark to make a treaty with the Chinese government. Having nothing of an ethnological character to communicate, Mr. Raasloff gave a brief account of the success of Mr. Burlingham, U. S. Minister to China, in procuring an important modification of the arrangements lately pending, for the transfer to foreign powers of tracts of land, for their permanent possession and colonization. The English and French had wished to obtain the sovereignty of the lands, but Mr. Burlingham, to avoid the risk of a seizure in case of war, urged that the Chinese should retain the sovereignty, which has been at length determined.

New members elected on recommendation of the Committee on Nominations, through their chairman, Dr. Torrey: For resident members, Rev. A. Fishel and Claudius E. Habicht, Esq., Swedish Consul-General. For corresponding members, Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Beyrouth; Dr. Usher Parsons, of Providence; Rev. R. C. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin; Dr. Alexander Sweizer, of Zurich, Switzerland; and Mr. L. H. Bunnell, of La Crosse, Wisconsin.

BUFFALO, N. Y., HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

This society, at its weekly meetings within the period of two years, has been the means of calling forth much valuable material for the illustrations of its local history. The recent inaugural of ex-President Fillmore at the opening of the Sanitary Commission Fair revived a subject of much conjecture, concerning the origin of the name which the city bears, and which has been continued by ex-Mayor Ketchum, whose long acquaintance with Indian traditions, history, and language, has enabled him to throw much light on the doubtful question. The paper upon the boundary line between Canada and the United States, which was read on a recent occasion, by W. A. Bird, Esq., of Black Rock, who was one of the surveyors having in charge a difficult and important part of the work, was an exceedingly valuable contribution to general history. Some time since Mr. Henry Wells prepared a paper upon the express business as connected with the city of Buffalo. Mayor Fargo is compiling a history of the American Express Company, which, it is believed, will constitute an important historical record. The society is doing good service in bringing before the public so many valuable records of its early history.

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The Continental Monthly for September is received. This sterling Magazine is in every respect worthy of the great and increasing confidence of the people. Its high position is owing to the efforts of the writers to make it a channel for the dissemination of great political truths, marked by candor and sustained by historical facts.—The Peru Republican, Miami Co., Ind.

The Continental has a certain individuality by reason of the prominence given to national and political questions. In this number we have The Freedom of the Press, by E. B. Freeland; Jefferson Davis—Repudiation, Recognition, and Slavery, a paper which is intended to exhibit the arch traitor in his true colors in England, and also an article on American Finances and Resources, by Hon. Robert J. Walker; Currency and the National Finances, by Hon. Smith Homans; another powerful article by Hon. E. P. Stanton on the Restoration of the Union. * * * The magazine thrives under its new management.—Hartford Evening Press, Conn.

This is one of the ablest literary and political magazines published. The questions of the day are discussed with ability and by some of the most talented writers of the day.—Jamesport Journal, N. Y.

We are in receipt of the Continental Monthly for July, and have only to repeat what "everybody" says, that it is one of the best magazines published. In fact no magazine within our knowledge has gained such notoriety during its time of publication as the Continental Monthly.—The Phoenix Reporter, Oswego Co., N. Y.

The Continental Monthly for August contains some very important articles, among which we notice "Jefferson Davis and Repudiation." This article was written by Hon. Robert J. Walker, who is now in England. There is no man in the world better qualified to show the traitorous acts of the sham-President, Davis, than Mr. Walker, who is from the same state, and a friend to the Union and to justice. This magazine is now published by John F. Trow, New York. It is doing a great work for freedom in America and throughout the world.—Westfield News Letter, Mass.

The Continental Monthly for October is on hand. This popular magazine needs no high encomiums, as a perusal of it will show its worth. All lovers of sound literature should read it.—Seneca County Sentinel, Farmer, N. Y.

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The Continental contains, besides its usual miscellany, able articles on national topics by Hon. R. J. Walker and F. P. Stanton. Probably no magazine in the country has more valuable matter on subjects of national importance than the Continental.—Western New Yorker, Warsaw.

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